CANADA MONTHLY

EDITED BY HERBERT VANDERHOOF

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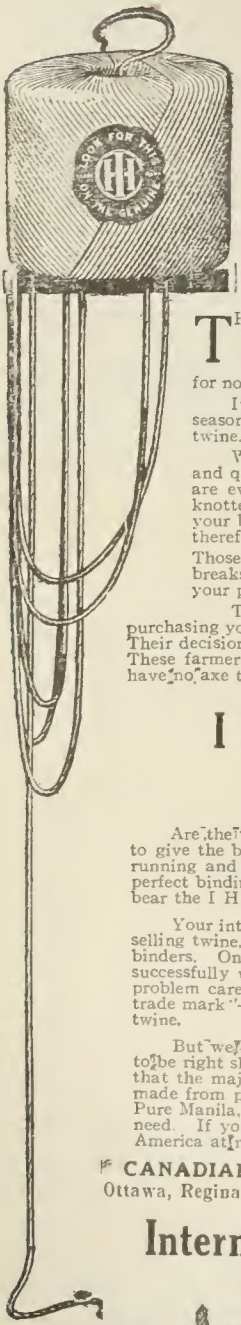

Let the Experience of the Majority of Farmers be Your Guide in Buying Twine

THE time has come to order your binder twine for the 1910 harvest. Twine dealers are placing orders for their season's stock. The mills are running. Now is the time for you to decide the twine question. It is something that requires careful consideration. The success of your harvest will depend on the uninterrupted work of your binder, for no binder can work well if you use a cheap grade of binder twine.

It is our aim to have every farmer who uses I H C Twine go through the 1910 harvest season without a break in the field. We have much more at stake than merely selling twine. Your interests and ours are the same.

We know that the raw materials from which I H C Twines are spun have the quantity and quality of fibre that insure greater strength than is found in any other twine. They are evenly spun—smooth running—do not tangle in the twine box—work well in the knotter, insuring perfect binding and perfect tying. They insure your being able to work your binder through the entire harvest season with greatest speed and economy, and are therefore practical profit insurance.

Those who buy cheap twine will certainly have trouble—delays due to tangles, knots and breaks will mean the loss of valuable time—and every delay at harvest time will cut down your profits.

There is a sure way to avoid this. Let the experience of the past be your guide in purchasing your twine. The verdict of the majority of the farmers of this country is a safe guide. Their decision should have more weight with you than the statement of any twine manufacturer. These farmers know. They have the same problems confronting them that you have. They have no axe to grind. They do not sell twine. They are only interested in results.

I H C Brand of Sisal—Standard Sisal Manila or Pure Manila

Are the twines used by the majority of the farmers of this country. They have been proved to give the best results. Eighty-five to ninety per cent. of the farmers use Sisal. It is smooth running and works at steady tension without kinking or tangling in the twine box—insuring perfect binding and perfect tying. Its only equal is the really high grade Manila twines such as bear the I H C trade mark.

Your interests and ours are identical on this twine proposition. We have more at stake than selling twine. We are vitally interested in the successful operation of hundreds of thousands of binders. On their successful operation depends our success—and we know they cannot operate successfully with poor twine. No binder made can. For this reason we have given the twine problem careful study. When we say "Stick to Sisal or high-grade Manila bearing the I H C trade mark"—we do so because we know them to be the highest standard of excellence in binder twine.

But we don't ask you to do as we say. We want you to be the judge. But your judgment to be right should be based on facts—not on the statement of any twine man. And the fact is—that the majority of the farmers of this country use I H C Twine. Sisal or Standard (which is made from pure Sisal) comes 500 feet to the pound; high grade Manila, 600 feet to the pound; Pure Manila, 650 feet. See your local I H C dealer at once and let him know how much you will need. If you want more facts on binder twine, write the International Harvester Company of America at nearest branch house for information.

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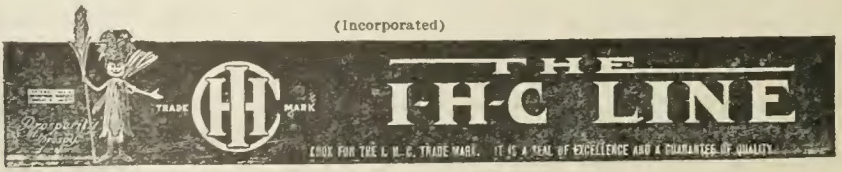


IN VANCOUVER

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

It is the English in me that loves the soft, wet weather—
The cloud upon the mountain, the mist upon the sea,
The sea-gull flying low and near with rain upon each feather,
The scent of deep, green woodlands where the buds are breaking free.

A world all hot with sunshine, with a hot, white sky above it—
O, then I feel an alien in a land I'd call my own;
The rain is like a friend's caress, I lean to it and love it,
'Tis like a finger on a nerve that thrills for it alone!

Is it the secret kinship which each new life is given
To link it by an age-long chain to those whose lives are through,
So that wherever he may go, by fate or fancy driven,
The home-star rises in his heart to keep the compass true?

Ah, 'tis the English in me that loves the soft, wet weather—
The little mists that trail across like bits of wind-flung foam,
The primrose and the violet—a thousand scents together
And every scent a message and a memory of Home!

Drawn by Percy Edward Anderson His Father's Wife—see page 18

"THE SOUND OF A CLOSING DOOR AT LAST BROUGHT ME TO SOME SEMBLANCE OF REASON."

CANADA MONTHLY

VOLUME VIII. LONDON, MAY NUMBER 1

WHY IS YOUR BABY HEALTHY?

BY HUBERT McBEAN JOHNSTON

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

IN Mrs. Goldstein's little grocery store on Allen Street, you can buy almost anything, from a pail of coal to five cents' worth of cooked meat; from a package of pins to a pair of shoes for the baby. The long, dark, stuffy little store is, in its way, as many sided as the big department store on Broadway. Naturally, Mrs. Goldstein sells milk, for only the aristocratic and 'stuck up' folks can afford to buy bottle milk and have it left at the door. Poor folks must buy their milk at the store. It costs two cents a quart less and you don't have to buy a quart if a pint will do. And Mrs. Goldstein is so obliging that if you only have two cents to spare, you can buy two cents' worth. The milk is kept in a big can in the corner of the store near to where the coal box and the pickle barrel are. Sometimes the cover is left lying for hours on the little shelf above when Mrs. Goldstein is so busy that she for-

WHAT CAN YOU EXPECT OF MILK-BOTTLES IN A PLACE LIKE THIS? YET THERE ARE HUNDREDS OF "HOMES" WHERE EDUCATION IS JUST AS BADLY NEEDED AS IT IS HERE

gets to put it right back. The dipper is usually hanging alongside of the can: but occasionally one of the Goldstein children takes it away so that Mrs. Goldstein has to go all over the place to look for it before she can get your milk. Of course, millions upon millions of bacteria can get into milk in a store like this—not to mention some bigger things!—but then, Mrs. Goldstein does not know. She never heard about bacteria in milk or anywhere else. When the milk is placed in Mrs. Jones' pitcher and handed to her by Mrs. Goldstein, neither woman knows there are more than a hundred and thirty-three millions of germs to every fifteen drops,—many times more than would be found in an equal quantity of sewage water. Yet such is the case.

Now, Mrs. Jones takes the milk out into the street where the air is full of germs, in an open pitcher, thus making it possible for more bacteria to enter it. Through the long hallway, up three flights of stairs, she takes it, more bacteria entering at every step. Then, being a careful woman, she places it in the ice-box alongside the tiny bit of ice, which does not suffice to cool the temperature in the box perceptibly below that of the kitchen itself. Poor Mrs. Jones! She does not possess a thermometer and she would not know its use if she had one. It would not help her much, therefore, if you told her that the temperature in her ice-box is very comfortable to most of the bacteria, being about 75 degrees Fahrenheit. After a little while the baby cries and you are horrified to see the filthy mixture given to the little one in a bottle. Now you can understand why Mrs. Jones lost her other two babies and why this one looks ill. You can understand too, her fatalistic resignation to the fact that 'Some folks allus loses their babies in summer 'cause they're built that way.' "

The preceding paragraphs from John Spargo's book "The Common Sense of the Milk Question" deals with a state of affairs that is far too common in every big city in both Canada and the United States. One may be inclined on reading it over to pass it off with the

feeling that while this may truly enough represent a condition in some of the larger cities, it does not apply to the average small town. But it does. What about the milkman who with his dirty ladle, dips you a pitcher-full out of his evil-smelling milk can? His milk, exposed to the filth of the barnyard, to the dust of the road and to constant contamination from his ladle, is just as unwholesome as that in Mrs. Goldstein's little shop on Allen Street.

Now, the majority of babies are sooner or later bottle-fed, and on the milk-can and Mrs. Goldstein's grocery and Mrs. Jones' ice-box depend the health and strength of many thousand squalling young Canadians. Your own carefully-fed, sheltered-from-draughts, chubby darling, at whose least whimper all the family jump to serve him, may even now be placidly ah-gooing over a bottle-ful of nicely prepared poison. That he is fat and well and shows his uncertain front teeth in frequent grins, and kicks his wrinkly little legs, and—miracle of miracles!—occasionally condescends to murmur "Da-da," relapsing instantly after into shameless chuckles of pride, may mean that you have a zealous milk-inspector in your district, or merely that your eighth wonder of the world owns an unusually strong, germ-resisting stomach.

THE BACK ALLEY THROUGH WHICH MRS. JONES CARRIES HER OPEN PITCHER OF MILK—A PLEASANT PLAYGROUND FOR BACTERIA

Bacteria makes raw milk the most terrible foe of the child. Pasteurizing milk is annually saving thousands of young lives in all too few of the larger cities. The movement toward a purer milk supply, headed by Nathan Strauss, the New York millionaire milk philanthropist, is slowly growing; but, chiefly owing to the cost of the plant necessary, in only the larger cities.

Mr. Strauss makes the statement that he has seen the use of pasteurized milk reduce the death rate among New York children from 41 per cent. to 16 per cent. The death rate of New York children has been only 41 per cent.—mark that. The average death rate in the city of Montreal since 1890 has been approximately 58 per cent. of the total deaths. In 1908 out of a total of 7,923 deaths in Montreal, 4,810 were those of children of less than 5 years of age—over 55 per cent. of the total deaths—and 3 per cent. below the average. And it is also interesting to note that of all the little ones who died

below the age of eighteen months, 75 per cent. were the deaths of bottle-fed babies. How many of these children might be alive to-day were it not for germ-laden milk?

In 1908 the Medical Health Officer of Montreal secured convictions against 109 milk dealers selling impure or adulterated milk. How many more were never found out?

The same year, 810 gallons of milk were confiscated. How much more was sold that should have been confiscated?

During the same twelvemonth, sixty-eight cans and thirty-two lids of cans were condemned as being in a foul and unsanitary condition. How many more of these filthy containers do you suppose are still doing duty undiscovered—distributing bacteria and spreading disease?

DISTRIBUTING INDIVIDUAL FEEDING-BOTTLES OF STERILIZED MILK. THE MOTHER MUST FEED HER CHILD DIRECTLY FROM THE BOTTLE

For hundreds who die annually by poisons—war, pestilence and famine,—tens of thousands are slain annually by unwholesome milk. One of the foremost of Montreal's physicians says there is no dealer in the city whose milk he can recommend for infant feeding—that there are few dealers who observe every proper precautionary measure in the handling of their milk—and most of them observe none at all!

Professor Von Behring, the eminent German scientist, has proclaimed that milk which contains more than 1,000 bacteria per cubic centimeter—(roughly, per fifteen drops),—is never fit for human consumption and should on no account be given to a baby. Milk as good as this would be practically ideal. From this standard, the laws of Boston, Mass., which permit milk to be sold provided there are not more than 500,000 bacteria per c. c., are horrible to contemplate.

Milk kept in good condition at 52 degrees Fahrenheit, and having in the beginning say, 300 bacteria per c. c., will in forty-eight hours develop 900 and in seventy-two hours, 150,000 bacteria per c. c. Milk in bad condition kept at the same temperature and having in the beginning, say, 2,000 bacteria per c. c., in forty-eight hours will develop 254,000 and in 96 hours 16,500,000 bacteria per c.c. And the physicians say most Montreal milk is bad to begin with.

Then again, Montreal milk is not delivered to the consumer until from forty-eight to seventy-two hours on the average after it leaves the cow. After that, it is frequently kept twelve hours more before using.

Nor will prolonged boiling make milk absolutely safe; the toxic poisons produced by living bacteria may remain

LABORATORY OF A STATION WHERE MILK IS PASTEURIZED AND PREPARED IN INDIVIDUAL BOTTLES TO SUIT THE AGE AND CONDITION OF HUNDREDS OF BABIES

THE BOTTLES ARE MADE IMMACULATE, REVOLVING BRUSH, HOT WATER AND LIVE STEAM ASSURING ABSOLUTE CLEANLINESS

long after the latter have been killed, causing various intestinal troubles—particularly in infants.

But drop the question of milk delivery in a large city and look at the methods adopted in the smaller places. In most towns milk is delivered in two ways—out of a can or in bottles. Of the two, the can is infinitely more dangerous, requiring as it does the disease-breeding ladle. The bottle, however, is dangerous enough. On your milkman's hands, —on your own hands—on the hands of your children—of the maid in the kitchen—there are millions of germs. When you remember that a thousand—a whole colony—of these infinitesimal trouble makers can cluster with ease on the point of a needle, you can imagine what a pair of hands look like under a microscope. Suppose your milkman picks up an empty bottle to fill at the dairy and happens to grasp it in such a way that his finger touches the inside! Or suppose when he is putting in the paper cap, his hand chances to rub the under side! Though that bottle has previously been sterilized and cleaned until it was spotless, the labor is all wasted—new bacteria have been planted in it. The only consolation one has is that the great majority of germs about us are not the germs of malignant disease.

Raw milk is unquestionably the greatest spreader of the Great White Plague. When you turn over in your comfortable warm bed to-morrow morning and hear the rattle of your milkman's white wagon drowning the sunrise clatter of the sparrows, just remember that ugly fact. He is not personally to blame, perhaps. He is no graduate of an agricultural college; he never looked through a microscope in his life. He is just plain farmer's boy, brought up to work eighteen hours a day and eat fried "vittles." He knows nothing of bacteria; he has no idea what cows in his barn are tubercular; so long as he doesn't get arrested for maintaining a public nuisance, and his patrons don't find frogs in the milk, he is satisfied. Gallopin' consumption from the milk of his cows? Gosh, no! Don't he wipe off their bags before he milks 'em? Keeps a piece o' gunnysack hangin' up behind the horsestalls fer nothin' but that. You get gallopin' consumption fr'm havin' wet feet, 'r' he's heard o' gals gettin' it 'count of a disappointment, sometimes. Milk fr'm his barn's clean as anybody's—an' a darned sight cleaner than Bill Ullrich's on the McHenry road.

Still, your milkman to the contrary nevertheless, it has been indisputably proven that tuberculosis in the adult is the final chord of the lullaby sung over the cradle of the baby as he goes to sleep with the nipple of his feeding-bottle still between his little lips. The Royal Commission on Tuberculosis in London, England, last year definitely decided that consumption could be transmitted through cows' milk—a point which had previously been somewhat in doubt. Authorities state that of all the cows which supply the milk for the Canadian people, twenty per cent. have tuberculosis. Do you realize what this fact means?

Professor Von Behring whose word on tuberculosis is practically pre-eminent in the medical world, says: "Of all the children who died between the ages of eleven and fourteen years of age within a given period, from diphtheria, scarlet fever, and other infectious diseases, seventy-seven per cent. were found at the post mortems to have been afflicted with tuberculosis." Their tubercular undermined constitutions were unable to resist the attacks of other diseases.

Again on Jan. 4th, in *Die Woche*, the German weekly, Von Behring says: "The longer I study the problems of a fight against tuberculosis the more am I convinced that we have to begin with the babies; my studies with children show that cows' milk is the principal source of infection." Raw milk is the greatest source of infection for typhoid, diphtheria, scarlet fever, tuberculosis—in fact almost every germ disease. "For parents to give their children raw milk," says the bulletin of the Washington, D. C., Society for the Prevention of Sickness, "is improvidence brought to the point of crime."

The milkman who does not adopt

AUGUSTINA'S MOTHER IS POOR, BUT SHE BELIEVES IN INSPECTED MILK AND AUGUSTINA THRIVES

every possible means to keep his product pure,—the medical health officer who does not enforce every possible law at his disposal —is an infanticide just as much as the murderer who dashes out a little one's brains against a stone.

In a previous part of this article the city of Montreal is mentioned. It is no endeavor of the writer to condemn Montreal unduly. This city is taken as an example for the reason that it is said to have the highest death rate among children in the civilized world. While this is probably true enough, the evil is not confined to Montreal; indeed, in many other places throughout Canada—both large and small—where the inspection of dairies and milk is less careful, less rigid, the situation may be even worse. Statistics themselves are of little value unless one knows the exact point of view from

which they have been gathered. The smallest hamlet in the whole Dominion may have a higher death rate if the figures were only kept and could be obtained. The spread of disease from infected milk is by no means confined to the metropolis. In addressing the Canadian Medical Association at Ottawa, Ont., on June tenth, 1908, Dr. Hastings of Toronto said: "If the truth were known, 15,000 of the 30,000 children who die annually in Canada, might justly have the epitaph, 'Poisoned by impure milk,' placed on their gravestones."

Do you pick up that boy of yours instinctively and hold the warm little body close, thinking for one unspeakably sharp instant of what might happen if—if—? Do you usually snatch him out of the way of automobiles and horses' hoofs? Do you keep the gasoline on a high shelf, and lock up the sharp knives, and religiously boil his drinking-water, and as soon think of giving him strychnine as pickles? Do you want to see him healthy and rosy and smiling; a sturdy little chap on two valiant legs, every day growing more stoutly independent of maternal hands on his petticoats? Then know where your milk supply comes from, and how it is handled. Educate your milk-man, and the milk-man of Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Robinson, and the new neighbors in the next block; for their babies are as much your concern as your own.

It may be impossible to install pasteurizing plants generally, for the cost is too great. That is, too great in the eyes of city fathers who are "out for it," and don't consider anybody's babies in particular. Children are cheaper than legislation, from their point of view; it is much less trouble for somebody else to bring poor babies into the world than it is for them to pass and to enforce a good law. But the cost of ordinary precautions in the handling of milk will not make it prohibitive in price. The great difficulty to be surmounted is ignorance among the milk dealers. Too many of them never heard of bacteria—and wouldn't believe in such critters if you told them. Education is the remedy as far as education will go, but education is too slow a process for the babies who are dying to-day. Force is what is required—the force of stringently applied laws.

Surely it can be done—and surely it is worth doing! Surely it is unnecessary that out of every two children born in Canada, one should die! Can we not each and all of us take upon ourselves the burden of doing our share toward purifying the deadly innocence of that whitened sepulchre—impure milk?

MOTHER-SONG

BY SARA H. BIRCHALL

O MARY loved the little Christ,
  Dear son, as I love thee,
Although she saw foreshadowing
  The great and bitter Tree.
And Mary prayed above her Babe,
  Dear son, as I pray now,
That she might bear the keenest pain,
  And keep the hardest vow.
O little son, I love thee so!
  Have mothers loved before?
Smile, little son, and tell me then,
  Could she have loved Him more?

HIS FATHER'S WIFE

BY MARGARET KENNA

ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY E. ANDERSON

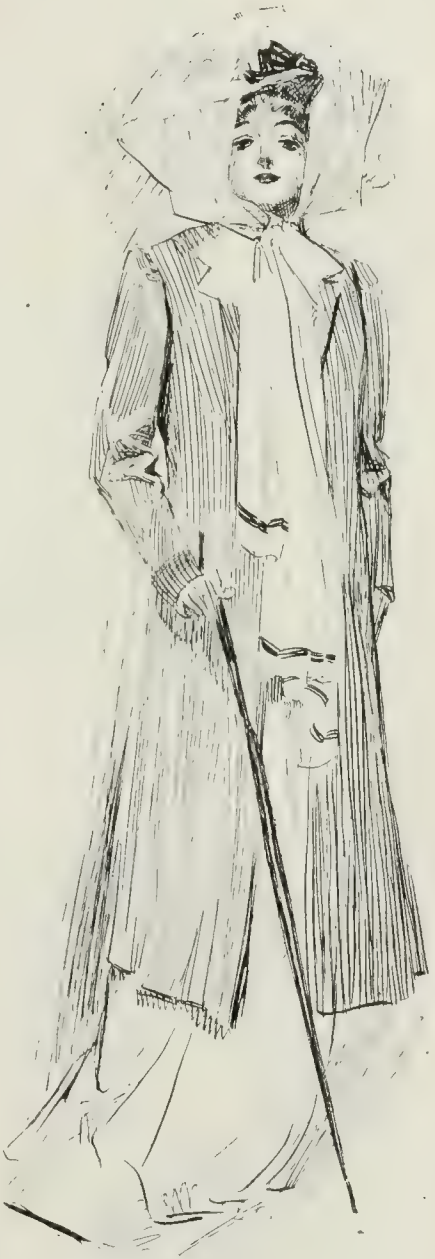
And one was sad,
And one had cause for sadness.

KNOWING that they would find him at Doctor Barrett's rooms, three or four of Tommy's friends dropped in there after dinner that evening.

They were sorry for Tommy. His wife had been such a charming little woman, and he had been married only a year. But they did wish he'd screw himself up a bit. It was awkward trying to talk to a chap who looked as if he didn't know you were in the room—just sat in white-faced stony misery and spoke only to answer a question.

They fidgeted about for a while, and Barrett played to them. Finally, one by one, they slipped out, and the owner of the room was left alone with his bereaved guest. After closing the door, Barrett looked absent-mindedly at Tommy for a moment, then strolled over to the pipe-rack by the piano and took down a sad-looking *Studentenpfeife* with a long, melancholy black bowl. This he proceeded to fill.

"I have been thinking, Tommy," he said, as he leaned back against the mantel and looked down at the young man curled up in the big chair, "that it's only when trouble comes to us we realize just how near or how far away our friends and the people about us really are. Your sorrow has made you see the great difference between yourself and them," jerking his head towards the door; "mine—I mean my old trouble—gave me the ability to realize, three years ago, that some day you would want something better for yourself than club popularity. The men who were here to-night never would. Their horizon is not yours. I don't mean to hurt you, but this tragedy of yours is mere commonplace to them, and what's more, not one in



the lot, if his own wife lay dead beside yours, could understand the way you feel to-night. I don't mean, either, that it's because we are alike that I understand what she was to you, what she must have been—"

Tommy's delicate face twitched with pain; he was only a youngster, scarcely twenty-four.

"Yet I do understand," Barrett went on, "just as some way or other I have always imagined you understood me. I could always talk to you, after a fashion, while to the others I have been, and couldn't help being, just what they call me,—Barrett, the silent man."

It was a few minutes before he spoke again. When he did it was as if he were forcing himself to do so.

"You feel now," he said slowly, "after your one short year of happiness, that the best of your life is done. In a measure that is true, but have you thought what the years you have yet to live would be to you without the memory of the year just past?"

Tommy looked up with a face as white as his cuffs. "Don't, Jack," he said beseechingly.

There was silence again in the room, Barrett looking tenderly at the young man the while. "I beg your pardon, Tommy," he said finally. A verse from *Locksley Hall* came into his mind:

"Comfort? comfort scorned of devils! this is truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things."

Yet he knew that in some way his friend must be shaken out of his mute grief, and that this was no task that he could pass on to another. He left his place by the mantel and walked to the piano where he stood for a moment, looking thoughtfully at the keys.

Seating himself, he swung suddenly into a Bohemian rhapsody, playing with a fierce, swift, knife-edged sweetness that licked up the listener's heart in fire and swept hungrily through his blood like kisses in the dark. The boy shivered where he sat, and stared into emptiness.

The rhapsody stopped with a crash, and almost instantly Doctor Barrett glided into an exquisite nocturne, tender, dreamy, rapt; changed to a cold Norse song of the hills that gave forth sounds like the clear, clean tones of fine crystal; and finally drifted into a weird little minor air, full of wistful longing, whose simple, haunting theme cried over and over again in the still room—the voice of a soul unspeakably alone.

No one knew Dr. Barrett except Tommy. The man had no other friends, his taciturnity discouraging any attempt at intimacy. His musical genius was recognized, and his skill and ability as a physician were unquestioned. Though a heavy drinker, constantly offending his colleagues by his excesses, he ranked high in his profession.

Still playing, Barrett turned his head slightly towards Tommy and said, as though in continuance of some thought, "No, you are not like me, and God knows I hope you never will be. When you get over your present shock and begin to live again, you will have your hopes and your dreams just as you should have them, and your thoughts will be straight, and clean, and manly. That's a big thing, Tommy; you have no idea how big. There's nothing truer in the Gospel than that 'as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he'. My thoughts,— the ones that come to me when I'm alone at night, —are crooked thoughts, but they refuse to be changed or put away or forgotten. Whiskey doesn't help matters much unless I drink a lot, and even my music usually goes back on me. The thoughts get into what I play, some way, and a face stares up at me from the keys."

He broke off suddenly and then looking as if he had nerved himself to it he went on, "You have known something of my old trouble ever since I had that fever a year ago and talked in my delirium. You have never known the story, however; will you listen to it? It is not a nice tale—not one of the amusing kind."

There was a questioning inflection in his voice —he would have welcomed, even then, an excuse to slip back into silence. But the white-faced boy in the big chair, though he did not look at Barrett, said briefly, "Go on, Jack."

The plaintive minor strains from the

"YOU FEEL NOW," HE SAID SLOWLY, "THAT THE BEST OF YOUR LIFE IS DONE"

piano floated again through the room. Even after Doctor Barrett began to speak, his fingers wandered over the keys and drew from them haunting tones that seemed to fit his words like an accompaniment.

"My mother died, you know, when I was a youngster. With my nature,

and with the temptations of boarding-school life and of college, I should probably have gone to the devil long before I reached maturity had it not been for one of the kindest and most devoted fathers a young fellow ever knew. When I came to an age of understanding, I learned to love and respect him and to appreciate the care and thoughtful attention he had always given me. During my vacations we were constantly together, his warm sympathy and wise counsel being equally dear to me, and his greatest happiness seeming to lie in our companionship and in his pride in me.

"He was a wealthy man, having inherited money, so that when failing eye-sight compelled him to give up his practice there was no change in our manner of living. This retirement took place during my sophomore year at college, and though he was deeply grieved at being forced to confine his future work in medicine to an occasional monograph, I immediately found a silver lining to the cloud. We had long since decided that I should go to Germany as soon as I was graduated, and fit myself there to be a physician. Father could now go with me. With the care I would give him his sight could get no worse, it might grow better, and his companionship would make my work seem like one long vacation.

"But this plan was never to materialize. When I first suggested it to father and told him how much my heart was set on carrying it out, he approved of it strongly and seemed very pleased; but as time went on his sympathy with the project seemed to die. He referred to it less and less often, and when he did, it was always on some point which concerned me or my work alone. I had no idea, however, that he had decided not to accompany me, until one evening at dinner, during the Easter vacation of my senior year. Seeing by his face that something serious was coming, I mentally drew myself together to prepare for it.

"'John,' said my father, looking at me,—there was an expression about his eyes I had never seen before; 'I am going to marry.'

"My first feeling on hearing the astounding news puzzled me later as I thought it over. The words rang in my ears like a knell for a moment. Then came natural regret that I had not been taken earlier into his confidence, and disappointment over my ruined plan for the quiet life together in Germany. But though I tried diligently to analyze that first feeling, I could make nothing of it. I now know that it was fear,—a prescience of evil to come. It was gone in a trice, but for that one moment it entered and took possession of me in a manner I never forgot.

"In the meantime my father was telling me how it had all come about. She was a western girl,—Louisville, Kentucky. He had met her on one of his pleasure trips, and though an old man,—he laughed as he said this,—he was only forty-five—had fallen in love. He was a constant traveller and his frequent visits to her had never raised a suspicion in my mind. He was sorry about Germany; I was to go just the same, of course; did I mind very much? etc., etc. We talked until midnight, arranging everything for the future; and the next day I went back to college.

"Late one afternoon, six months after that memorable dinner, my father and his wife arrived home. I had not been present at the wedding. Three days before I was to have started for Louisville, I exposed myself to a virulent case of smallpox and was forbidden to travel or go into public places until the disease had had time to develop and show whether or not it had marked me for its own. Needless to say, it had not. But as the wedding could not have been postponed without causing much trouble to the bride's people, at my special request it had taken place on the day and hour planned. I had not seen father for a month and a half for he had gone west immediately after my Commencement, was married two weeks later, and since the wedding he and his wife had been living in a little village in southern California. The weeks had gone slowly for me; I had never been home before when he was absent, and the big house seemed very lonely. My heart thumped violently against my ribs when the carriage

bringing him back to me, finally turned into the drive. I was twenty-three years old then,—your present age—but in many ways I was years younger than you are.

"I had not gone to the station, my father having written that he wished me to give them their welcome at the door, in the good old-fashioned way. So it was there I awaited them.

"They made a splendid picture as they came up the broad veranda that warm, bright afternoon. Father was a strikingly handsome man, and how proud he looked that day! -his cheeks flushed with happiness, his dark eyes glowing. And she,—her hair seemed to have caught and imprisoned stray beams from the sun behind her; her complexion was of a baby-like fairness, her figure perfect in its youthful curves.

"I was dazzled but determined; I had decided beforehand not to like her, —there must be some flaw. She appeared tired, travel-worn, but the pallor of her face was relieved by dark lashes and the bent bow of scarlet lips. It is dangerous to study such loveliness as hers,—to go from one perfection to another and find each more wonderful than the last. A wise man would have understood this, would have realized that seeds sown in such moments may live to bring forth bitter fruit, but I was not wise. I went on with my gazing.

"'John,' said my father wonderingly, and I came back to earth.

"'I—I beg your pardon, sir,' I stammered, candid, though, as youth is wont to be, 'I was trying to find some fault with your judgment.' As I spoke, I turned from her and looked him squarely in the eyes. He laughed then, and said 'What a boy you are! Will you never grow up?' That made things seem more natural and I got through the greetings without further awkwardness.

"I busied myself about the luggage, fussed around the coachman while he put up the horses, did several little errands for father, and bothered every servant in the house until it was time to dress for dinner. I remember feeling very hungry as we sat down at the table. To me it was a brilliant dinner —'good company, good wine, good welcome'. I listened some, talked much, and ate -nothing.

"Though I managed not to show it, I felt chagrined and grievously injured that when nine o'clock came, my father should decide he was worn out and that he and his wife would retire. I went to my room, turned on the lights and throwing myself into a chair, picked up a book in which I had been much interested. At midnight I threw the book from me. I had not turned one page. Over and over I had been rehearsing every detail of the time since the arrival, the bride's face and figure, her expression and voice, everything that she had said, the way she had smiled at my father and he at her. When I finally dragged myself out of my chair and went to bed, I tried to think that I was jealous at having to share my father's affection with another.

"The week that followed changed me from a boy into a man. Day after day, waking or sleeping, idle or at work, two eyes haunted me always—eyes like pansies, rich, deep and tender. Every day brought out some new charm—her walk and gesture, her gentle ways with animals and children, the delicate turn of one curly lock that used to fall down on the nape of her neck and catch the sunshine, her flashes of quaint, child-like mischief now and again. Oh, every day I felt more keenly her beauty, her sweetness, the gay and gentle spirit that looked out of her eyes. In that week I realized my trouble to the full. I had fallen in love with my father's wife.

"I was young, it is true, but this was no boy's affair. I could not laugh the thing away; time and struggle only intensified it. Germany? my ambition? What did I care for them? Was there such a thing as life away from her?

"Oh, don't look at me like that, Tommy; I had no intention of disclosing what I felt. No decent man could have contemplated that for a second. But smoking the most innocent cigarette in a powder magazine may be suicidal—and murderous. My sin lay in letting myself stay within sound of

her voice and sight of her wonderful eyes. It's easy to see that, now that I'm older and cooler-headed. But then—well, there were a lot of things I didn't know.

"One thing I thanked God for: my father did not guess. He saw the summer had greatly changed me, but he attributed my new quietness to my graduation from college and realization of the broader life about to open before me. My trembling hands, quick-changing color, and at times uncontrollable agitation escaped his near-sighted eyes. As for her, I do not think she ever saw it at all, or if she did, considered it only the awkwardness of a half-poised lad. All her eyes were for him."

He broke off sharply, and played over the little air that lamented for lost youth and love and all the sunny highlands of irrevocable dreams. The boy huddled in the big chair before the fire, drew himself up and moved as if he would reach out to his friend, but Dr. Barrett's voice stopped him.

"Somehow that long summer dragged itself to an end. I was to sail in late August, to go away from her, I who was filled full of her, who had lived on the sight of her for two months. Never to come back while they both lived; never to see her again; never to have one single memory of look or word of hers that had been wholly mine. What was left me? Work? What was there to work for? What good was success if when it came there was no one with whom to share it? I beat it all out that last night at home—God! how I beat it out! There was a hedge of sweet-peas under my window—I can't smell them now without sickening to my very bones.

"Well, you know how I lived in Germany, at the University of Freiburg. I took rooms on Albertstrasse not far from the pathological institute, and settled down to court oblivion in the way that should come most readily. I tried play—and those adventures in the 'Rhenania Corp,' and my duelling affairs at the Mosswald over women, were the praiseworthy results. I tried work,—I dressed my love sanctuary 'with the wreath'd trellis of a working brain,' and my investigations in bacteriology with Max Schottelius gave me no small degree of publicity and formed the foundation of my later success.

"But oblivion? To me the River of Lethe was indeed a myth; not one hour of forgetfulness did I know. Always and everywhere that woman, till I cursed her and blessed her with alternate breaths. She would come to me at night in my dreams, and standing just out of reach, would look at me with her great lustrous eyes. I have often wondered since that I did not go crazy. Day after day, night after night, that beautiful spectre haunted my footsteps. What could I do? There was only one way out—the ever open white gate,—and I was not coward enough for that. There were times when I had been drinking, that I laughed at the love I had for my father, and then —God help me, —I wished him dead.

"I had been in Germany two years when I received a cablegram from home that Mrs. Barrett was dying,—I was to come home at once. Strangely enough, the message neither surprised me nor gave me great grief. It seemed in some inexplicable way that I had been prepared for it, had expected it long before. What did it matter, anyway? Yes, I would go. It was as easy to go as to stay. I calmly packed what I needed into a bag and started for the station. Of the trip over —it took me ten days,—I do not remember one detail. It has always been a blank to me, a void, an interval,—ten days dropped into space.

"I reached home about four o'clock one afternoon. It was in September and had been raining. Though the weather was warm, I remember shivering painfully as I rang the bell. Mr. Wilson, father's old secretary, let me in. He looked grave, but glad to see me.

"'She is better,' he said, 'but it is well you have come. Your father has been beside himself with anxiety and your presence will help him. He has missed you sorely, John, even in the midst of his happiness.'

"I went up the stairs feeling like a man in a dream. Father was waiting for me in the hall just outside the door of her room. For the moment, thank God, I forgot everyone but him as I

felt the warm clasp of his hand and looked into his tired eyes that met mine with all their old love and sympathy.

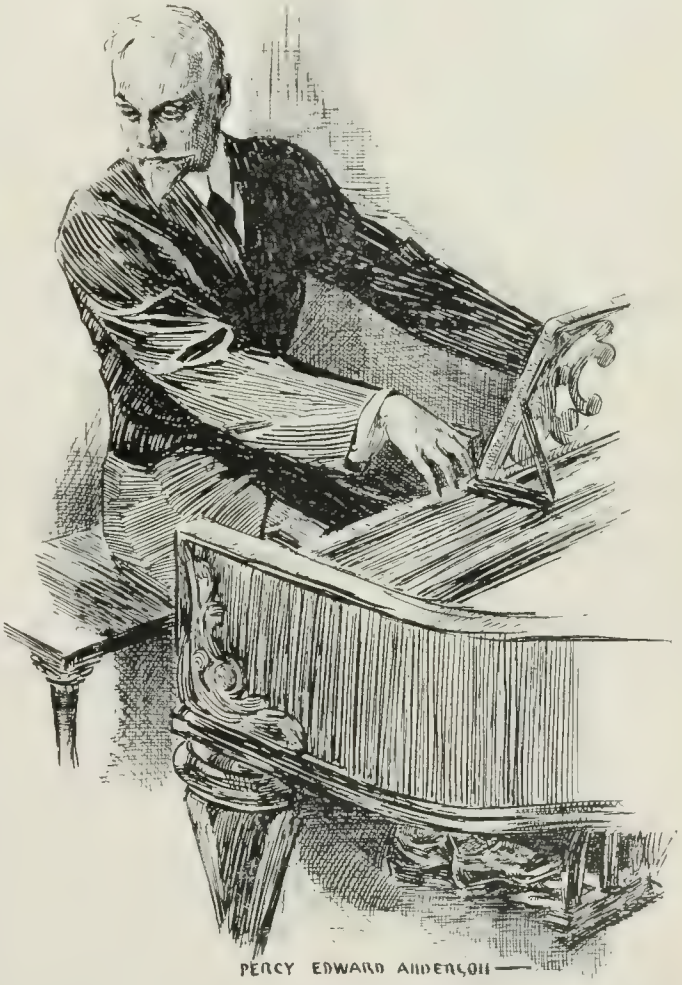
"I realized at that moment what great loneliness had been his. In all the big round world, I knew that there were just two people for whom he deeply cared or ever had. He had had for my mother an esteem and a certain sort of masculine friendship, but the love of his strong nature had gone out only to me—his son—and to the girl who had become his wife.

"We stood silent after the first greetings, holding each other by the hand, and looking into each other's eyes. Then he opened the door behind him and we went in.

"I can see now every detail of that room, darkened and made bare of hangings and adornments because it was a sick room, and yet—well, it breathed of her, if you know what I mean. It could not possibly have been anyone else's room. I felt it the instant I stepped across the threshold, before I saw her lying in the great carved bed on the other side of the room. I followed my father as if in a daze. Her hair was pale gold on the pillow, the lines of her face, though sharpened by illness, were more beautiful than ever. Her lashes lay black on her white cheeks.

"Then she lifted her lids, smiled at my father and turned her deep gaze on me—Rossetti says of one of his women: 'You could drink her gaze like wine,' and I—I drank her gaze, pure and sweet as it was, and it was like wine to me. The control I had gained by two years' absence became in an instant an unstable and wavering thing. I felt myself tremble as I took the hand she gave me. For two years I had felt the touch of her hand as I had held it for an instant when I said good-bye. Now, slender and white and worn, I clasped it in mine. It took all my strength to lay it gently down as I sank into the chair my father pulled forward for me.

"'I am obliged to leave you for a



HE PLAYED OVER THE LITTLE AIR THAT LAMENTED FOR LOST YOUTH AND LOVE AND THE SUNNY HIGHLANDS OF IRREVOCABLE DREAMS

little while,' he said. 'You will sit here till I return, John.'

"I made one effort. For that also, I give thanks. I said that perhaps I should tire her, perhaps it would be better for me to go to my room and come in later. But she shook her head, smiling.

"'I am quite strong again,' she said, and at the sound of her voice my will grew weak. 'I should like to have you stay, John.'

My father, with a gentle caressing touch to the soft hair on the pillow, and a last smile of heartfelt welcome to me went out of the room and we were left alone.

"Her hand lay on the satin coverlet, where I had but to reach out and take it. I gripped the arm of my chair to resist the impulse.

"'I am so glad you have come,' she said. There was a warmth in her voice that had never before been there for me. She was looking at me with a new light in those eyes that for two years had haunted my days and nights. If it had not been that she had just come back from the edge of the shadow she might have seen the trouble in my face and saved me, for women have intuitions and are quick to act on them. But she saw nothing. She smiled again at me with sweetest friendliness, lifting the little hand that had been the object of my covetous eyes and held it out to meet mine.

"At that touch my resolution and will, all remnant of self-control melted of a sudden like soft wax in intense heat. My father was forgotten, all ideas of right and wrong were swept away like dust in a storm, and I—I was on my knees at her bedside, covering her hand with kisses, pouring the story of my madness into her ears.

"I caught her in my arms, and felt the sweetness of her run over me like wine and flame. I told her that I loved her; that I would never let her go; that she should come with me to some sunny place at the world's end, and we should begin life new; that she was mine—mine—mine! and a thousand other desperate, insane things.

"I don't know how long I raved—the sound of a closing door at last brought me to some semblance of reason. I laid her gently down—she had neither spoken nor moved—looked once into the blank amazement of her eyes, and stumbled out of the room without a word.

"I got my hat and coat and went out through the big doors, never to re-enter them. The cool, moist air refreshed me as I walked to the station. The first express carried me to New York and I reached my hotel about midnight. I ordered two big decanters of whiskey sent to my room, and drank myself drunk for the first time in my life. To that bestial act I think I owe my sanity. The debauch was so excessive that it left me dull and heavy for days."

He had turned from the piano, and sat gazing into the fire. One round dark log alone remained of the blaze, and even as the two looked, it crumbled into fine ashes with a soft, dusty sound. The boy winced, and gripped the arm of his chair; the older man smiled a dry, wintry smile.

"Once I read a story about a certain high table-land in the country of the spirit, lying far out among the outposts of eternity, where there dwells the love of which there has never been any confession, from which there is no escape, for which there is no hope; the love of a man for a woman who is bound to another; that, standing on the calm, clear height of this table-land, the wayfarer may look behind him at his own footprints of self-renunciation, below on his dark zones of storm, and forward to the final land where the mystery, the pain, and the yearning of his life will either be infinitely satisfied or infinitely quieted. God knows what I would give to-day to have reached that silent bourne. I tried. You can guess how I tried. I fought two years to reach it. And after two years, I paused for just one moment, loosened my hold, slipped back—and fell!"

Barrett stopped. His face had been very bitter at times while speaking, but now there settled over his strong dark features, into the deep lines of his forehead and about his mouth, an unutterable agony, the more heart-breaking in that it seemed at home—a part of the

man's ego. There was a haunted look in his eyes when he finally raised them to Tommy's face—a look which told of the hopeless horror that had faced him long ago and dwelt with him now in the silent watches of the night.

After a long pause he went on in the hard, expressionless tone of repressed pain.

"A telegram was brought to me while I was eating my late breakfast, after eight hours' drunken lethargy through which the pain of my mind had pierced like the pain of the surgeon's scalpel felt dully through an insufficient dose of ether. It was from Wilson, the secretary. My father had been found early that morning, cowering in a corner of his room, wild-eyed and fierce, his mouth flecked with froth. It was he whom I had heard, the night before, closing the door. They found him mad, —stark, staring mad. He has been so ever since,—all these ten long years."

A dry sob choked his utterance and Barrett buried his face in his hands. For some time only the faint, musical ticking of the Neustadt clock could be heard in the room.

Tommy got up from his chair to go across and lay his hand for an instant on the other man's shoulder. Then he stood in front of the fire staring into the coals. Presently he said softly: "And his wife, Jack?"

The bowed head was raised. Though pale and slightly drawn with pain, Barrett's face showed no other signs of its recent agony; into his eyes had come the old, hard, indifferent look. The mask had been resumed. He spoke in a cold, dry tone.

"Mrs. Barrett is very devoted. The asylum is located in a little village in Western Massachusetts. She lives in the village."

THE LETTERS OF BETTY BLUE

BY JEAN BLEWETT

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

DEAR JOAN:—Two things have I learned here in the Assiniboia valley, two things utterly unknown outside the pale of pemmican and tepee, the meaning of a holiday, and how to cook the ham of a ground-hog.

You're turning up your nose, Joan. You, with your domestic science diploma nicely framed, to be told about a ground-hog's ham! You with your trips abroad and your trips at home—nonsense, my dear, nonsense. I stand to my guns, you don't know the meaning of a holiday, and I know it only by sight—as yet.

In our world some achieve holidays—after a hard struggle—some have holidays thrust upon them—the most maddening thing of all. It is the noble red man who is born to them.

It is time to take a holiday, we tell ourselves. Take is too tame a word: seize would be better. We chase the deceptive thing—yes, deceptive, for it looks like a beautiful Pegasus while we're wearing ourselves to skin and bones in pursuit of it, and when we capture it we find only an old pack mule weighed to earth with our worries, expenses, and indecisions. We're in no mood to be happy; all the chasing, capering up hill and down dale has left us what the English call peevish. Make the most of the holiday—this is the absorbing thought—rush it here, rush it there, work it early, work it late for it's ours such a little while. There, that's over, and with a gasp of relief we say good-bye to our beautiful old pack mule, and crawl back to common toil to get the ache out of our bones. Don't deny it, Joan.

But here is Eagle Tip, otherwise plain

Pete Dodge. He doesn't say anything about holidays—he is not much of a talker—but he lives them. He doesn't run them to earth, they simply happen like rain and dew and other beneficent things. The wood is full of them, the Indian full of desire for them—the demand creates the supply. It is the simplest thing in the world.

By way of beginning the week well, he chooses Monday to be happy in, loafs in the sun-dried grass, visits with himself. This performance is pleasant enough to bear repetition so he does the same on Tuesday. Wednesday his squaw goes picking saskatoons to mix with the pemmican loaf and he goes with her. It is good to be an Indian on an August afternoon, an Indian in the shade of the bushes with your own squaw and your own round-faced, beady-eyed youngsters bringing you the fattest and the sweetest of the berries. "Lazy brutes," you say. Of course, but think of the joy of "do-nothingness," which enwraps him. Thursday he goes fishing or to a funeral at his folks-in-law. Friday, by way of showing himself above superstition, he begins hay-making—an Indian's hay-making is a judicious mixture of leisure and episodes. After the bannock and bacon at noon, he disappears. His squaw doesn't know where he is, or if she does she keeps it to herself; his boy doesn't know, neither does his girl, nobody knows. He vanishes. The inference is that in some lone spot he rests from his labors. Saturday the camp fire is kindled early, the ponies hitched to the wagon, and our Indian with his family and his dogs is off to visit the second son of his mother's brother. Next week history repeats itself with variations.

AT THE SIGN OF THE TOTEM-POLE

The "crease of care" which mars the face of many white men (and more white women) has no place between the black brows of the Indian. He is having a good time and doesn't care a rap whether school keeps or not. He will be back to-morrow—maybe, if not some other to-morrow. No hurry, Joan, don't you see? He has the heart of a holiday, we have only the hull. He does not take it to satisfy the demands of fashion, not he, but to satisfy something in his bosom. The day is sun-filled, scent-filled and the trail through the valley and across the river, the old, old trail warm with welcome, soft with silence. Just to take it is joy enough—for Peter Dodge.

We pass him on our way to Fort Pelly. He is in fine company to-day with a councillor of the tribe on one hand and a chief on the other. A little way off three of his children are down in the grass watching a gopher's hole. The chief has on his gayest sash, and a waistcoat so broidered and beaded, so really splendid, you do not wonder he stands forth to be looked at. If vanity is excusable in any man under heaven, it surely is in an Indian chief.

Yes, they are all holidaying though they pretend to be on business. Presumably they are out to view the ripened fields with a view to reporting on the same, but really to take one last long holiday before harvest. They know what will happen then. The Agent, the strenuous young man with the grey eyes and the voice of authority will pitch his tent among them, be with them, of them, will see to it that they

LITTLE GROWLING BIRD WILLS NOT TO BE VACCINATED

work early and late till the grain is in stack. There is no escaping him, no shirking when he is to the fore. On a hunting trip, now, with his easy ways and his knowledge of Cree, he is just a fine fellow, but in the field he is one to stand well with, and be a little afraid of. Theirs is the most delicious of outings, a business holiday, a fabric of pure pleasure with that round white stone of duty for foundation. I'm envying them as hard as I can.

They have their affairs of interest here in the wild, their loves, their hates, their jealousies as we have ours in the city, with this difference, the primitive touch is the most absorbing. They're very human in their good ways and bad ways, these children of nature.

For instance there is Malie who is Indian all through even if she does roll her straight black hair over a rat, and wear a linen shirt waist and a Dutch collar. Malie was the prize pupil at the Mission, and because of this to her was given the blessed privilege of going to Cloverly Colony. You being an ignorant white lady, Joan, will have to be told what Cloverly stands for, and why it stands at all. Some folk think it shouldn't, some folk say an Indian is no good except as an Indian, and there are yet others who affirm that he is no good in any form or state. But let that pass. Cloverly is the terrestrial happy hunting ground to which Indian men and maidens are translated when they have proved themselves worthy. On the reserve the good do not die young; they go to Cloverly schools where they are taught to read, to write, to sing, to use many words instead of few, to be as like their white brothers and sisters as possible. They also learn to despise the blanket as a part of their wearing apparel, to get above squatting on the floor, eating out of their fingers and all these little relics of barbarism. It would never do to send them back to the reserve after bringing their civilization to a fine point. They aren't fit for the old wild life, and they aren't ready

for heaven yet awhile—the "Between Spot" is Cloverly.

Malie ought to have been happy—maybe she was, for all I know. When the glad news of her promotion was broken to her by the head of the school she smiled her old bashful smile and refused to even look proud. I fell in love with Malie on the spot. She was so modest over it, didn't do half the fluttering you did on receiving your diploma. She smiled that same bashful smile when I offered her congratulations, and I saw her still smiling it when, later her mother's sister's son, a grim young Lochinvar from the reserve, was telling her something—doubtless of his pride in her accomplishments, and desire that she go on to perfection in the air of Cloverly. It was a gladsome sight, Joan, to see an artless daughter of the wild grown so wise, so unlike herself. But when the Head thanked the Lord for His help in the affair I shut my eyes and refused to take part in the prayer. I don't believe the Lord wanted Malie to sew and read and play the piano, and do her hair over a rat. If He hadn't liked her best as a shy little Indian girl why, it stands to reason He would have made her white to begin with. There, I've spoken my mind on this matter, and feel better—but don't you dare repeat what I've told you.

But to get back to Malie. She was going home to say good-bye to her grandmother and another aged relative or two, and as she climbed into the wagon with her sisters, brothers, and the cousin already mentioned, and the father sitting on the dash-board started up the red oxen with a precipitancy which upset the whole lot she looked well content.

But listen, my dear. This was on Tuesday. Malie was to return on Wednesday in time to begin her pilgrimage to the aforesaid happy hunting ground, but didn't. Thursday she came not. Friday she came not. Saturday the Head went forth to hunt his prize pupil and found her, hatless, ratless, collarless—but sweet and wholesome for all that—on the river's bank drying fish with the other squaws—and making eyes at the cousin.

"Malie," exclaimed the Head, more in sorrow than in anger, "these are pursuits you have out-grown."

Never while the world endures, and an Indian maid is good to look upon—and conscious of the fact. Make up your mind to it, oh wise man from the Mission! Malie's smile was the one she had outgrown, so was the obstinate, baffling expression of the black eyes, so was the nod of her head. When he went on to tell her he had come for her, she let her eyes seek the ground, and shook her head. Then she raised her eyes and giggled, but her flow of language was as dried up as a last year's stream on a hill-side.

"Malie she be my squaw," said Lochinvar coming forward with a strut of importance, "she not go to Cloverly."

"You wouldn't spoil her prospect, would you?" urged the Head. "She is not for the reserve."

"She is my squaw to-morrow, we catch fish to make wedding," with an air of finality.

"Malie! Malie! this must not be. I refuse to perform the ceremony," cried the Head.

"No matter. I marry her Injun fashion," announced the youth, looking simplicity itself.

The distracted Head turned to reason with Malie, but that child of the forest had slyly hidden herself in the new white tent just put up on the edge of the wood. It was Lochinvar's tent.

"Come out here and be married properly," commanded the Head, sternly. Out she crept, and ranging herself beside her handsome young savage repeated the "I will" and "I do" with absolute correctness—the prize pupil to the end.

Joan, dear, the good teacher went away hurt and discouraged. Up at the Mission they are picturing Malie as the wife of a common Indian, the mother of his children, the burden bearer, the drudge, and pitying her with all their kindly hearts—but I don't know. If it was for this she was made, and—there, I shan't talk about it any more. As your young nephew said when administering a pointed rebuke to our interference once on a time, "Oh, well, it's none of *my* business, anyway."

THERE IS DEERS'-MEAT DRIED ON POLES BEFORE THE TENT-DOOR

I'm afraid I'm not the moral-minded person I ought to be. I don't seem able to look at things in the proper light, or to let my sympathy out in the right direction. Yesterday Propriety went out to make a sketch of the little grey church at the Catholic Mission, and I went with her. As we sat among the briars and blue-bells came the Father, an earnest zealous personage who knew the place like a book. As a proof that the human heart—especially the one which beats in an Indian's bosom—is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked, he told us of how a certain old sinner had tricked his way into the fold. It was a tale which vexed the good father's righteous soul, and brought tears to the eyes of Propriety, while I—Joan, blush for me—I laughed. I couldn't help it. Propriety hasn't been civil to me since. It must be as she says that I'm not fitted up with the right kind of a conscience. But I don't care—it *was* funny.

It seems that long ago when the grey church was just built and the graveyard new and empty of all these crosses which mark the graves, came the bad old Indian, wily old Indian Long Arrow asking to be taken into the church. The father was glad, seeing in Long Arrow the fruit of zealous work. He talked long with his man, showed him the errors of his way. In the end, Long Arrow promised to return a bundle of stolen pelts to the Post, also, after long persuasion, promised to content himself with one wife.

"How many have you now?" asked the father.

Long Arrow had three wives, and of these one was old, one was ugly, while as for the other she was not worth the mention of so worthy a man as the father. He gave reasons why he should keep his family intact, he argued the matter, even pleaded, but the father would not listen. Either he must come into the church with but one wife, or stay out. He went away wroth, and the father expected to see no more of him. But in a moon or two he was back. This time he professed himself ready. Yes, he had put away the wives, he had but one now. The overjoyed father gave him the welcome befitting so brave a convert. Not till the service was over did the father think to question him as to which wife he had retained.

"I trust you had grace enough to keep the one you took to your lodge first of all," he remarked to Long Arrow as that worthy mounted his pony preparatory to riding back to camp, "she has strongest claim on your care."

"No, it wasn't the old one," confessed the convert, with the beginning of a smile on his ugly face.

"The middle-aged one, perhaps, the basket weaver?"

"No, it wasn't the middle-aged one."

"The youngest of the lot," cried the other with a sigh for poor human nature. "I might have known it."

Long Arrow on the pony's back tried to cease smiling and look sanctimonious.

"It was this way," said he, "me want into church. You say me can't come with more than one woman. So, when I can't keep all I keep none—put the three away."

"But you have a woman," the puzzled father reminded him.

"Yes," with childlike blandness, "me let the old lot go, and got me nice new squaw for joining church. It is best so. Good-bye."

Of course he was a bad old Indian, but between ourselves, Joan, wasn't he cute?

I mustn't take up too much time telling you about Indians, good and bad—the trouble with me is that people mean so much more than places. No sooner do I take my pen in hand to picture to you some spot noted for its beauty or its associations, and get my adjectives marshalled ready for use, than along comes a human being, man, woman, or child, and crowds my descriptive work, adjectives and all clean out of mind. It isn't that I love places less, but that I love people more. Propriety said something funny of late. She was showing me the many pretty sketches she had made since we've been living in the open, and I remarked with a dissatisfied air that I couldn't use a brush. I carried my camera, but, for some reason, didn't get many photographs.

"The reason," said Propriety, with her merry little laugh, "is that you're always waiting to get figures in your landscape. The prettiest spots to you are empty and lacking if they haven't a human being in the foreground."

But the remainder of this letter shall be about places and things. I'll keep my mind's eye off people, at least I'll try.

Have you noticed that some days are too glorious to be described? The shine of them dazzles your thought and your vision—you blink with your soul as well as your eyes. It is enough to live them and love them. It is one of these we have for our outing, our rarest outing of all, the Feast of Welcome and the Tea-dance at the Keeseekoose reserve. It is here I learn how hilarious an Indian can be, also how to bake a ground hog's ham. Think of that, Joan, a cooking lesson in the very shadow of the totem pole.

"ME LET THE OLD LOT GO AND GOT NICE NEW SQUAW FOR JOINING CHURCH"

You'll please picture the trail running along the river's banks with the sunshine hugging it, cuddling it, half smothering it and following said trail in the agent's light wagon. Propriety in her blue linen, and I in a shabby serge—my linen suit refuses to keep clean. Every time the breeze wakens up the buffalo grass bows its purple plumes as if in salute, waves its purple banners and goes marching past, marching past, like whole companies and battalions of mimic soldiers. It is a quaker meeting the willows hold by the river and the spirit does not move them to make a murmur. The gophers are wide awake and full of fun, jumping back and forth on a wager, playing hide and seek among the rolls of green, which look like folds or flounces on the skirt of this old valley but which are nothing more or less than the marks made in the soil by the wheels of the Red-river carts about the time of the Louis Riel rebellion. Right here I'll set down the riddle Propriety gives me to guess as we go along: "Why is the road to Fort Pelly like a soldier's belt?" Answer: "Because it's full of cart-ridges" (cart-ridges). How is that?

At the sign of the Totem-pole all is activity. We meet old friends and new. Peter Dodge is here with his family, including three dogs and a calf.

"Why did you bring it?" Propriety asks one of the young Dodges. "It is not more than a week old."

"Cow died," he answered laconically.

"Oh," with an understanding smile, "you had to take it along as it was too young to leave at home alone—of course."

"Cook it in the pot," he tells her; "make the good soup." At which she loses heart, also loses her appetite, being a finicky thing.

No lack of subjects for my camera here. Mrs. Wolfskin, one hundred and six, sits in the sunshine half asleep. Four generations of the Wingwish family spread themselves out on the grass, the papoose nestling down in his grandmother's lap. An anti-vaccinationist in the person of little Growling Bird protests against making the acquaintance of the Government doctor who is here in his official capacity to see that all Indians are vaccinated. He has already operated on the arms of a goodly number, but Growling Bird wills not to be vaccinated.

The day goes and dusk comes creeping down on the valley. The campfire is blazing rosily, and round it cluster men, women, and children. The dogs are fighting and barking. There is a smell of something cooking—probably the "good soup," and while the Indians wait they gamble by drawing lots, by guessing numbers, and other childish methods. They are born gamblers old and young, of both sexes.

There is fish at the tea, there is fresh meat, and the meat of deer which has been dried on poles before the tent door. There are scones baked on flat stones before the fire, and tea so strong no indoor woman could take it without getting "nerves". The people sit on the ground and eat out of their fingers.

We as favored guests are entertained semi-privately, that is we sup with the family of a Keeseekoose chief in the tepee, but take our entertainment in the open. We have good things, yes, we have, don't look scornful, Joan. You take a twenty-mile drive across country in the agent's light wagon, behind that bay and sorrel of his, and you'll be hungry enough to think a stewed prairie chicken flanked with brown scones not too bad. Then there is the *coup-de-main* of culinary art, the ham of a ground hog. It looks and tastes like goose.

Right here I get my cooking lesson from the chief's squaw. "Find the ground-hog (first catch your frog) early in the day, take off his skin and make him clean, inside and outside clean," The repetition of the word clean gives me a comforting thrill—"Cut him up, take a hind leg and lay on a board with salt over it. By and by, to-morrow, maybe, wrap in leaves, plenty leaves, make hole in hot ashes, put in ham. Cover up with coals and cook till it smells done, and tastes like eat. Heap good. Young bear is cook just the same."

Joan, dear, some day when I've a camp-fire and a ground hog's ham I'll cook you a dinner fit for a queen, yes I

will. I have the recipe, and I know the proper amount of heat and smoke, the merry tongues of flame and the crackling of burning twigs which go with it. One doesn't live in the wilds for nothing.

Hi! hi! ti! yi! hi! the song is begun, so is the fun. Bearpaw is opening the dance. It is wild and weird this dance; around and around the fire they circle singly in pairs, in groups, each keeping time to a wailing call of his own. One lot melts away and another takes its place, there seems no end to the number, no diminution of the zeal. As time passes the song grows louder instead of fainter, the attitudes more grotesque. All the vanity, all the "show-off" quality which lurks in the nature of the red-man seeks a vent, and finds it. Each tries to outdo the other, to step higher, to dance faster, longer, to make more noise. The camp fire has a group of trees for a background, the tents shine whiter as the dark gets deeper, and ever the fun grows fiercer. Presently the moon comes sailing up in all her glory—and what this means you will never know until you watch her holding court above these mighty stretches of virgin soil –and as we gaze on the beauty of her we become aware of a silence so sudden as to be almost uncanny. The singing has died to a murmur, the fire to a pile of ashes soft and grey, the tea-dance is over.

I must tell you about the pemmican loaf if only to show you the cleverness of the Keeseekoose lady. Before supper, while we are too hungry to be critical, she brings forth an end, not a large one, of the loaf she made last season. You know how a bride of a year or so will fish out a slab of her wedding cake from under its glass case and give you a crumb with such an air that you're ashamed of choking on it. Just so does our hostess with her pemmican loaf. The smiling complacency with which she watches us take our first taste is rather disconcerting. I wish she'd look at Propriety instead of at me. The first taste of anything has an element of risk in it, and—well, the flavor of this is a trifle wild. But I have an imagination as you know, Joan, so I straightway pretended that Propriety and I are captives in a hostile camp, that after weary days of hunger a friendly squaw has taken pity on our suffering and given us to eat of her pemmican loaf. It tastes like manna, then, and with such relish do I consume it, being really hungry, that our hostess is delighted, and Propriety filled with wonder.

"How do you make this?" I ask, getting out my note-book and pencil.

"Me Stoney Indian," she begins, squatting down on her heels for a gossip, "me Waubiman woman, much game, big hunters up there. So me make pemmican loaf. Kill moose when he is fat, much fat, cut in strips, so," measuring with her hands, "hang on poles to make dry. Pick much saskatoons black, ripe and dry on piece of canvas. Put dry moose meat on stone, pound much with more stone, throw in the many saskatoons and make all in lump together. So."

"Where do you suppose she has kept this—this abomination?" Propriety whispers tragically. "I can't eat it, and I won't."

"What is it?" queries our hostess of me. "She not like the pemmican, maybe, she tell you it is not good?"

"She is going to make you a little gift," I answer, "the blue beads she has on, and I am going to give you something as well."

"It is well," she says, her broad face beaming.

Propriety presents her with the beads and a sickly smile, I with a bangle for her wrist, and having decked herself out in these she leaves us to our mutual recrimination and goes forth to be admired.

Home through the dew wet grasses and the scarlet bushes heavy with fragrance, home to the murmur of the wheels, the music of the horses' feet on the yielding trail, the song of the wind among the pines and something which we take to be the echo of this song, until we discover that it is nothing but the river babbling its secrets out to the big white night.

I shouldn't write another word, but I'm so stirred up over the marital and other troubles of the Indian, Straight Tongue, and his squaw, Tonah, friends

of mine, that I must tell you all about things.

Straight Tongue is not a Keeseekoose, a Cote, or a Key—report has him down as a pagan. He is not of our reserve—(mark the possessive pronoun—up here you have the feeling that you own the earth)—but the chief of a strong tribe north of us. Rather he was a chief, but is no more. He has lost his job, lost his honors, and the gorgeous buttons from his coat. The old story of wine (or whiskey) and woman.

If I could write things as they are, I'd have you crying and laughing, you stately person! but by the time I dress the primitive out in conventional words it is commonplace, just as the Indian is commonplace in store clothes. Things are real in the wild. I used to look on the natives as objects, more or less interesting, but objects merely. Now I know they're human beings. The Indian is a man, traitorous or true according to his nature, passionate, possessive; the squaw is as much a woman as you or I, maybe more so, with her carefully covered faults, her virtues on parade, and every emotion harnessed down and controlled by the patience which is not a virtue but a necessity. Stolid, you say, yes, but fiery and fickle for all that. She is hard as nails and soft as a cooing dove by turns—just as other women are.

Straight Tongue's squaw is fat, and round and smells of smoke. She did her best to make him behave but all the thanks she got was a blow from his open palm

With the paying of treaty came a French half-breed woman. She saw the bundle of vanity Straight Tongue was; well, money was plentiful—a chief gets twenty dollars extra at treaty, and the wigwam comfortable. You can imagine the brazen sort of person she was. She flattered the silly fellow. He was the greatest of chiefs, strong, good to look at (heaven forgive her) and young, very young for his years. He fairly purred. Tonah had no pride in him, she was good for nothing. Let her go away.

The half-breed brought tobacco and

FOUR GENERATIONS OF THE WING-WISH FAMILY—THE NEWEST MEMBER HIDES FROM THE CAMERA IN HIS GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S LAP

smoked with him, she brought whiskey and got drunk with him, all of which was mightily entertaining to the chief, but bad for his tribe, and very bad for Tonah, who had been driven forth from the wigwam by her own jealousy and her Indian's brute force.

Tonah's much vaunted patience gave out at last, she struck the trail in search of vengeance. She must rid herself of the half-breed. Her conference with the agent brought about the consummation devoutly wished, and more; for when the sergeant of the Northwest Mounted Police went out to arrest the woman for taking liquor to an Indian, he also arrested the man for being drunk on the reserve. Then was Tonah wild with wrath and regret—he was her Indian, he was a chief, he could do as he pleased. But not so. The chief had broken the law of the land in being drunk at all, he had broken the law of the wild in being drunk on his own reserve, and must pay the penalty.

The half-breed laid the blame of everything on Straight Tongue; he had detained her against her will, it was through fear of him she had brought the liquor—he was an evil old man. Straight Tongue made no defence, all his vanity and braggadocio seemed to have deserted him. Once he raised his hand, as though calling his gods to witness what a fool he was, and had been, and that was all.

The half-breed's fate was hard, she was sentenced to languish in jail for the space of six months. Straight Tongue's was harder still. He was deposed from his high estate (a man came from Ottawa to do the deposing), and made to pay a heavy fine. Also he suffered the crowning disgrace of having the buttons struck from his coat.

The whole reserve palpitated with excitement; his councillors took occasion to tell him it served him right, and to openly thank heaven they were not as this poor brother with his eye for strange women and his taste for fire water. Amen! human, I should think so!

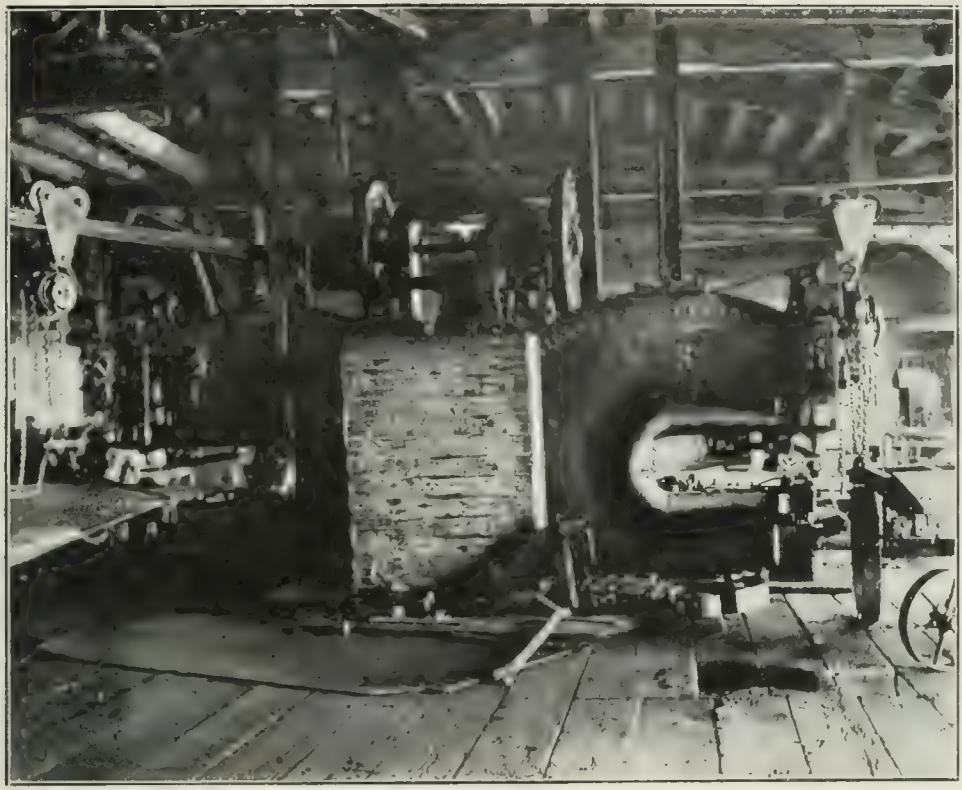
A day or so later Propriety and I happening to be in that neighborhood went into the wigwam to buy some of Tonah's grass baskets. The ex-chief sat off by himself. You'd have pitied him, Joan—yes you would—he looked so sullen and shamed. Tonah squatted in the sun behind the wigwam not caring, or daring, perhaps, to be very sociable with him as yet. She had a new red handkerchief on her neck—evidently all of Straight Tongue's money hadn't gone into the fine—a ribbon, doubtless filched from her rival adorned her hair. Tonah had learned the value of appearances.

She was busy. Joan, dear, what do you think the creature was doing? Bless her old heart! In some way she had gotten hold of a sergeant's uniform and cut the buttons from the same. Now, with a needle half as big as my finger and a thread at least two yards long, she was awkwardly sewing the same on the poor old ex-chief's denuded jacket. Talk of patience, and wifely devotion!

"Shall I help you?" asked Propriety in a sudden fit of good-nature, and held out her hand for the needle.

Tonah shook her head and muttered an ungracious refusal.

"Come away," I whispered, "she's had enough and to spare of women not of her own color, don't you see?"



THE BUILDING OF A LAKE LINER

BY JAMES COOKE MILLS

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

DID you ever see one of the big lake boats leaving her dock at the foot of a busy city street? Traffic on the pavement stops for an instant; truckman and conductor and stenographer hurrying to work halt to see. The pilot stands at his wheel, one keen eye on the bell-cord. 'Tonio, a sparkle of white teeth and dark eyes, poises in his faded red shirt, the end of the last line in his swarthy hand.

"All right! Cast off!" shouts the mate, and with one quick gesture the line runs free.

"All gone!" says 'Tonio, leaping aboard as smoothly as a cat jumping to a chair, and cautiously the great white bow noses her way out of her berth, and heads for open water.

"Git ap, you!" grunts Danny on the truck, scientifically applying the lash to the nigh horse. The conductor jerks his bell-rope twice, the girl stenographer casts a lingering glance at the feather of white water rippling off the bow, and turns her pretty face back to the rush and roar of the town and begins to chew her gum again. Romance has spread her trailing cloud of glory for a moment—and gone with the stately keel.

Port, port she casts, with the harbor-roil beneath her foot,
An' that's the last o' bottom we shall see this year.

Well, for some weeks, at least. Maddalena will have to wait a good many dusky twilights before 'Tonio whistles

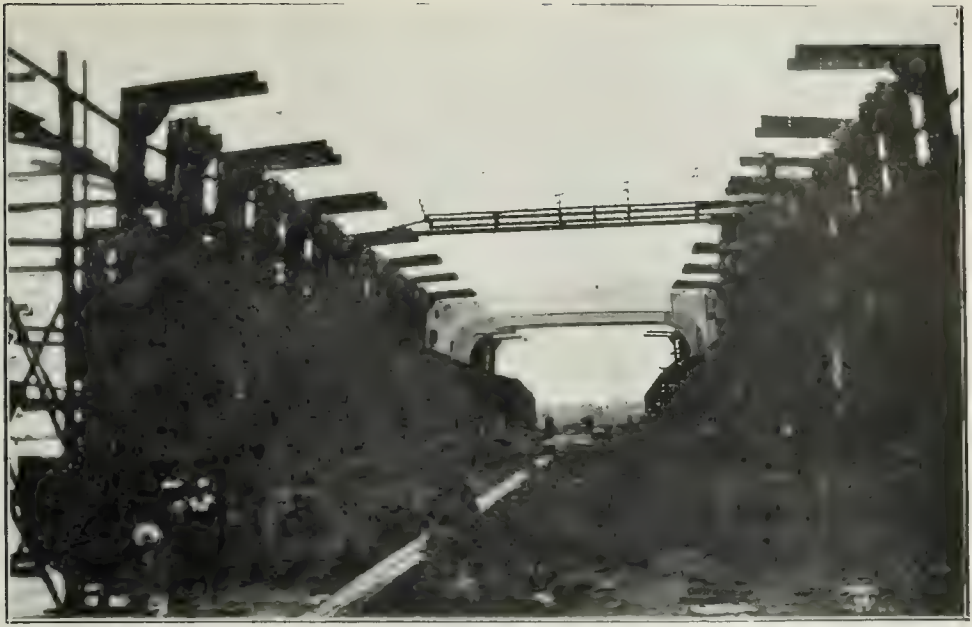
VIEW OF PLATE, GIRDER, KEEL, RIBS, AND ARCHES ABOUT SIX WEEKS FROM THE BEGINNING OF ACTIVE WORK ON CONSTRUCTION

La Paloma up the high streets of Sarnia, and she innocently happens to be going to the corner grocery for a half-pound of sugar.

But few of the watchers who feel the thrill of the departing liner and dream of the full-arched sky that 'Tonio will presently see, know much of the making of the great steel creature. A lake freighter, like all things else of a material nature, must have a beginning, and in the present age of iron and steel, this takes place long before any part is visible in the ship-builder's yard.

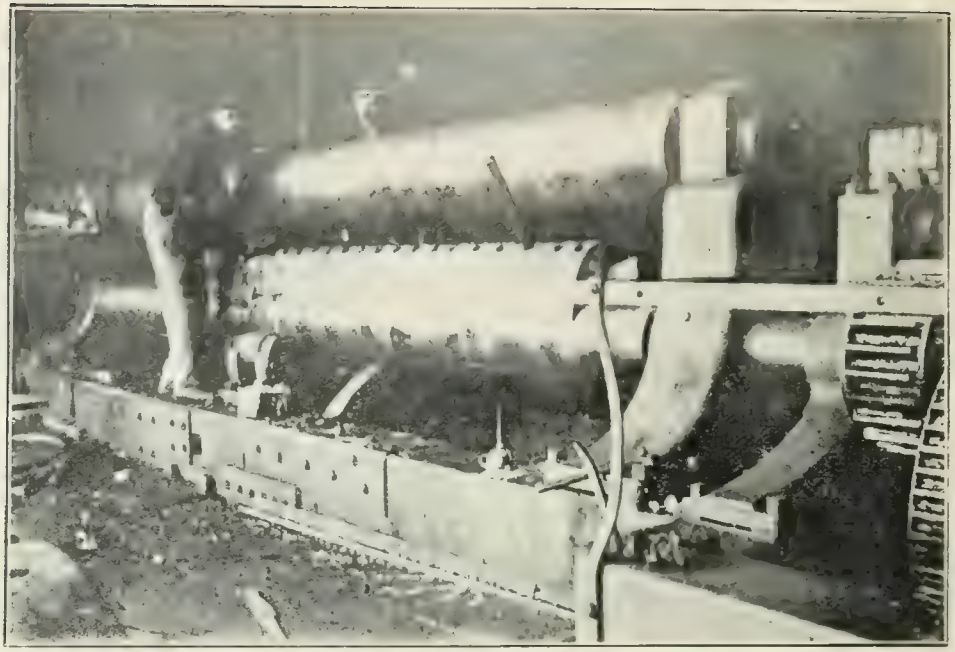
The actual beginning is when the iron ore is dug out of the earth and scooped up by huge steam shovels on the iron ranges of Superior's north shore. How the raw material is hauled by rail a hundred miles or more to the Lake Superior ports, how it is freighted down the lakes to the smelters at the Canadian "Soo", how the steel mills then convert the iron into structural steel for ship material, are features of a vivid story of our intense commercial activity. They are the multiple operations of a great industry, the foremost in America and abroad, the prosperity or depression of which affects the whole people.

In the modern shipyard, wood is almost an unknown material. Only in the joiner shop does it find use and then but sparingly for the fittings and furishings of the ship's cabins. The shipyard is a great machine shop, with all the sights and sounds, the smells and even tastes that make the atmosphere of the foundry, the forge and the rolling mill. For, in the construction of a steel freight ship, from the laying of the keel through all the various stages of erection, to the final plate and the last rivet, steel is the one element. But for this purpose it must be of an exact and uniform quality, every pound of steel girder and every inch of steel plate

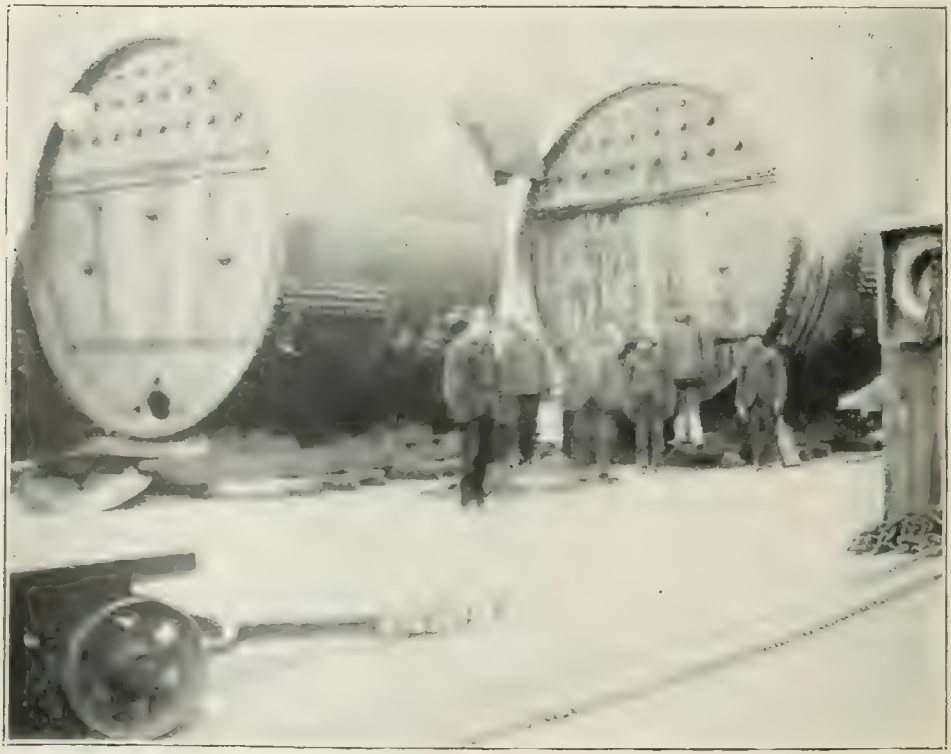


THE HUGE ARCHES OF THE HULL

THE TRAVELLING CRANE IS A BETTER ALL-ROUND GENIE THAN ANY IN THE ARABIAN NIGHTS



DOES A PLATE OF SOLID STEEL NEED A FRACTIONAL MILLIMETER MORE CURVE ? HERE IS WHERE THE ROLLS SHAPE IT TO A NICETY



WHERE THE DRIVING POWER OF THE LINER LIVES—TWO HUGE BOILERS WAITING TO BE INSTALLED

being furnished, after careful tests, with the last atom of its strength known and guaranteed.

Taking this material as it comes to the yard to shape it into keel, ribs and arches, to roll it into plates, to forge it into stem and stern post, to cast it into parts for the engines, is to perform titanic tasks infinitely more intricate than can be seen with the eye. The collecting of the parts and assembling them into the structure of the ship, by riveting and with braces and bolts, thus forming the shell, or hull, in exact accordance with the specifications, are nice tests of the artisan's skill. But the launching of the vessel, the installing of the machinery, the erection of the stack and funnels, the finishing touches here and there, completing the leviathan of the lakes, constitute the outward and visible evidences of the expert knowledge required in such work. And then there is the great system in which some 2,000 machinists, forgers, riveters and engineers are working in full accord and perfect harmony.

Two package freighters, so called to distinguish them from the coarse or bulk cargo ships, of widely different material and construction as well as in size and tonnage, will serve very well to illustrate the remarkable development in such carriers during the last twenty years. One is of wood, the *City of Midland*; the other is of steel, named the *Hamonic*, sailing under the pennant of the Northern Navigation Company. The former is a small craft as lake vessels average to-day, being 176 feet in length which gives her a cargo capacity of about 1,000 tons. Such steamers are of service in trading along the shores of Georgian Bay and the minor lake ports, the channels to which because of shallowness, bar the larger freighters.

In the days of the wooden ship when the *City of Midland* was built and launched with the enthusiasm at all times attending such events, the work was a case of main strength and the woodworker's eye. The designers then were careful mathematicians, as are those of to-day, but they were dealing with oaks and teaks whose density, elasticity, warp and resistance to stress and strain were infinitely varied. They might plan and make calculations which seemed intricate and puzzling, and which might prove true in practice, but the most expert of them could never tell what the mechanics would find in the timber. Hence much dependence was placed upon the shipwrights' judgment to alter the figures as required by the material which came into their hands.

Aside from the force of human strength, there were only the block and tackle and the aid of horses to lift the heavy oaken beams and knees in place. The thud of sledges upon bolt heads, the dull hollow thump of the calker's hammer, the shouts of the men to the helpers below, the puffing of the sawmill engine and the buzzing of the saws, were enlivening features of the old shipyard. The smell of the freshly sawed oak and the fir, and of the dank logs drawn from the boom, the chips, bark and sawdust with which the yard is paved, and the sight of the old timber dry-dock, are things not soon forgotten. All this is now of the past, excepting in a few yards where repair work is done to the still staunch and serviceable wooden craft.

The construction of the *Hamonic*, an exponent of the modern fleets engaged in the general merchandise trade, is the culmination of the mariner's highest conception of what a ship for such service on the lakes should be, and the shipbuilders' long experience in perfecting such plans and carrying them out successfully. Built at Collingwood, Ontario, by the Collingwood Shipbuilding Company, the steamer is 365 feet in length, 50 feet beam, and 28 feet depth of hull, and registers 5,000 gross tons. She has cargo space in the hold and on the main deck for more than 5,000 tons of general merchandise, while the upper decks are luxuriously fitted up for the accommodation of tourists. Her route lies from Sarnia, at the foot of Lake Huron, to Port Arthur, Fort William and Duluth. The building of such a vessel reveals all the interesting operations and surprising methods of steel shipbuilding.

The design and specifications having

been agreed upon and the contract for construction awarded by the steamship company, the working or shop plans are prepared, lists of material made out, and orders placed for all that is needed to be worked into the ship. The making up of the requisitions for material is a very important matter, as it is necessary to have it all sent to the yard in as near the order it is to be used as possible. The plans go to the mould loft, which is generally above the main shop, where the patterns for each rib and plate are raised in the form of templates to the exact size required. The templates are made of special, heavy paper or frequently of very thin wood scarcely an eighth of an inch in thickness. These large patterns show every line and every rivet hole is bored so that the rib or plate for which it is intended will fit in its place to a hair's breadth.

The laying of the keel is the first actual work of the ship's being, and consists of building up on the blocks a continuous steel girder for nearly its whole length, but very strong and rigid. As the work proceeds the angle bars which were bent into shape according to the templates in the forge shop, are brought out piece by piece and riveted fast to the keel to form the ribs. Then the heavy arches which were forged and fitted to exact size and proportions to give strength and rigidity to the whole frame and also for a support of the main deck, are put in place by that mechanical Hercules, the overhead crane. Meanwhile, other gangs are shaping and preparing the plates which form the sides or walls of the steel shell.

All is hurry and bustle in the shipyard, and one is impressed by the workings of a wonderful system, for all the intricate operations go on like clockwork. From the unloading of the cars of rough material until it is worked into the ship, there is little lost time. The plate comes to the yard marked, according to its quality, to go into a certain part of the ship; the receiving clerk passes it on to the fitter who places on it a template for those particular plates, and marks out the exact outline and each rivet hole, so that when it reaches its place it will fit to a nicety, and the holes so punched will correspond with those already in the frames of the ship.

For the next operation the plates are sent to the shop where are the ponderous machines, which exemplify most vividly man's control and mastery of steel. There are the heavy and powerful punches which with one steady thrust punch the rivet holes; there are great shears which cut the cold, stiff plates as marked by the fitter, as easily as one cuts a piece of pasteboard with scissors; and there are huge rolls which bend them to conform to the rounded shape of the hull. The plates are then passed on to the erectors who fasten them in place with temporary bolts, and who are closely followed by the riveters who rivet everything fast.

The rivets are made of the same material as the plates they bind together, and are cylindrical in form with a pan-shaped head. They are of sufficient length to allow the other end, after being placed in the punched, countersunk holes of the plates, to be driven down to a head. The riveters are very expert in operating the pneumatic riveting machines. and the work goes on rapidly, the familiar rat-a-tat-rat-a-tat-tat-tat, the noise of countless blows of incredible quickness, being dear to the heart of the shipbuilders, for, as it wakes intenser resounding echoes from the hollow shell of steel, there is the assurance of steady, progress in the work at hand. Mechanical science has so improved this feature of shipbuilding that the very impact of the riveting machines is measured and may be regulated, the operator knowing exactly the energy of the blows being deliverd on the red-hot rivet, and being able to gauge his work to a particular degree. The force of man's arm wielding a sledge is indeterminate and it is impossible to deliver two blows in succession, each of which will do precisely the same work.

The riveters in turn are followed by the painters who cover all metal surfaces of the hull with graphite paint to preserve it from all corrosive action of water, steam or acids. And so the work goes on, frame after frame, plate

after plate, girder after girder, growing day by day, under the efforts of an army of busy men, into the semblance of a ship's hull, or a huge hive resounding with the clamor of steel on steel.

Looking through the shell of keel, frames and arches one notices radical departures in model and construction from the earlier steel ships. In those of size to about 250 feet in length the keel is not much more than two feet in height, allowing but little space between the outer and cargo bottoms. This renders examination of the plating from within a difficult and disagree able task. But in the *Hamonic* and ships of her class the keel is five feet or more in height, and the frames of nearly equal thickness, thus affording a space nearly sufficient for a man to stand erect. The bottom and sides are built on the cellular plan, divided into numerous compartments with bulkheads made very strong to resist any pressure of water they could hold should one or more be filled through collision or heavy puncture. Greater strength is obtained by this construction as is perfectly plain in the method of binding together as in one huge steel cylinder with double walls, the steel arches acting as girders and supporting the main deck, the frames or ribs, and the keel which is veritably its backbone.

While this army of skilled workers is building up the hull of the vessel, other as important work in its construction is being done on the other side of the yard. In the great engine shops and boiler works are being made the propelling machinery and auxiliary engines which are to give the ship life and power, and without which she is a helpless hulk.

In the draughting rooms the machinery is designed and, after being approved, the drawings are sent to the shops. The pattern maker develops the full sized patterns of each separate part. These are sent to the foundry where after a few days the castings are made and sent to the machine shop. There each piece is milled, turned up in huge lathes, drilled, or planed and finished ready to be set up to fit exactly in its intended place. The blacksmiths are busy with the forgings, which are also sent to the machine shop and finished for the erectors. This gang of men sets up the engines in the shop, fitting each and every part with its neighbor with the utmost precision, so that when erected in the ship, all will go together quickly.

The machine shop is, indeed, a busy place fairly vibrating with stirring scenes, and to one unfamiliar with such things everything seems in utter confusion. Here are the great shafts made of the finest quality steel, some finished, others in the rough, while in an enormous lathe is still another weighing many tons. It is being carefully watched by skilled mechanics as it revolves, nearing completion at every turn. There are also the heavy bedplates of cast steel and the big cylinders of like material, while a little further on an overhead crane is taking from a machine one of the solid composition propeller blades just finished. When placed upright on the ground it stands as high as an ordinary man. Smaller parts such as piston and connecting rods, cross-heads and guides, bushings, levers, and bolts and nuts are scattered about everywhere, while the steady hum of the machinery bears witness to the amount of work on hand.

When completed there will be a set of vertical, quadruple expansion screw propelling engines of 6,200 collective horse-power at about 120 revolutions per minute. The cylinders are 24, 35, 52 and 80 inches in diameter by 42 inches stroke of pistons. They are to be supplied with steam at 210 pounds working pressure by six Scotch boilers 12 feet 6 inches in diameter, and fitted with Eaves and Ellis induced draft, rating at 400 boiler horse-power. On load draft the vessel has a normal economic speed of seventeen miles an hour, while a maximum speed of about twenty-one miles will be attained.

The boiler shop, as is usual in such places, is in a perfect din, for here are being made the huge boilers weighing fully eighty tons, which besides furnishing steam for the main engines also supply the auxiliaries. On one side of the shop the workmen are busy with the smoke boxes, up-takes, and stacks, and others are working on ventilator

cowls, steam and exhaust pipes, oil and waste cans and many other small parts of the equipment.

In the joiner shop carpenters are at work on the fittings for the passenger gangway, the main saloon, dining room, staterooms and officers' cabins, while the jointers and planing machines are making the flooring of oak and working up pine for partitions and other purposes. To obtain artistic decorative effects rich mahogany in choice and well selected grain is used very largely in the salons, and white enamel and gold effects for the chambers *en suite* and the staterooms. The fire hazard, however, has been constantly in the mind of the marine architect, for he has carried the steel construction up to the promenade deck, thus reducing the use of wood to the minimum degree.

After a time a return to the shipyard reveals the progress which has been made on the hull. Instead of the skeleton of ribs, frames and arches, one finds the structure fully plated up and a painter's gang going over the sides, coating them with black water-proof paint, but leaving the bottom and a narrow strip on the sides to the water line a bright red. From a little distance it looks like an immense canoe, but conveys an impression of strength and seaworthiness quite foreign to that light, bobbing craft. On the fitting out dock under the high shears are the boilers ready to be placed in the hull, and parts of engines, hoisting gears, pumps, valves, and small parts are laid out for use in the mechanical being of the ship.

Climbing the long, steep, inclined way leading through the network of scaffolding about the vessel, one reaches the top, forty feet from the ground and steps on the ship's deck. Here are new and strange scenes of confusing activity. Gangs of riveters are still busy with their machines building up the steel walls of the spar deck, finishing the hatchways, and other metal work. Peering down through a funnel and ventilating hatch, one may get some idea of the width and depth of the cargo hold. It only increases the curiosity to explore the cavernous depths. By a handy though uninviting ladder a descent is cautiously made for thirty-odd feet to the inner bottom.

The hold forward of the engine bulkhead to the forepeak is divided into several compartments by watertight bulkheads of steel, to prevent foundering in the event of collision or other accident. As cargo space is an all-important consideration in designing freighters of this class, the engine and boiler compartment and coal bunkers are placed just aft of the waist. This arrangement insures an easier handling of package merchandise from the hold to the main deck and thence to the wharf.

A convenient doorway in the engine bulkhead admits one to the mechanical compartment. First there are the foundations for the boilers and the coal bunkers, and a little further on the engine beds are being bolted to their steel foundations, with the thrust and line shafts already in place. In a few days the big boilers and heavy engines in sections will be swung aboard by the towering arms of the shears; and the auxiliary machinery, such as condensers, steam pumps, hoisting gears, and electrical plant will be placed in position and connected up. Finally, the screw propeller and rudder are swung up under the overhanging stern and secured to the tail-shaft and sockets.

In the shipyards of the Great Lakes it is the general practice to launch vessels sideways, instead of stern first as elsewhere, therefore the ships are built parallel to the stream or slip and at the very edge. Under the ship at intervals of eight or ten feet are heavy, smooth timbers, extending from the edge of the stream and sloping backward at an easy angle, to form the ground ways. On the eventful day regular construction work in the shops excepting in the moulding room, and on other vessels is suspended, for all hands are needed beneath the ship to prepare the launching ways. The utmost care is necessary that this work be properly done, and to those in charge and upon whom rests the responsibility, it is an anxious time.

Early in the morning hundreds of men are building up the cradles

under the ship, their base resting on the smooth ground ways, which are greased with tallow, the tops of the cradles bearing up against the ship's bottom. When all the cradles, which are made of twelve foot timbers, a foot or more square, are in place in two long rows, wooden wedges which have previously been set, are driven home. The hollow echoing thud of the many sledges resounds through the yard, the operation slightly raising the heavy mass of steel, and the shores and blocks upon which the vessel has rested during the months of construction are knocked away.

At last the day comes. The liner is complete. Only the check lines at stem and stern hold the cradles from slipping down the smooth ways and landing the *Hamonic* in blue water. Five stout lines, these are, one end being secured to long triggers holding the cradles to the ways, the other end running back over a flat timber and drawn taut by block and tackle. The new boat, the largest and fastest yet built for the combined and freight traffic on the great lakes, is to wet her keel to-day for the first time.

Bunting is everywhere. Flags snap in the crisp breeze, the morning light shines gayly on wharf and quay, the winking whitecaps dance in the sun. To-day there is no clatter and jar of pneumatic hammers, no glowing of red-hot forges. Where a host of overalled and jumpered workmen busied themselves in the shipyard, a dozen puffing launches disembark chattering groups of girls in fluffy dresses and, white-handed, keen-eyed men, who look over the great hull lying passive on the ways with curious eyes.

There are workmen's wives, too, in their best, at the end of the yard. The children with them look at the big boat that has been "papa's job" for so many months, and admire her with almost a sense of possession.

"Gee, ain't she a peach? My dad, he made her," boasts Billy, Junior, to his chum, who is out of it to-day, being simply the eldest son of a merchant worth several millions.

"Gosh!" says the chum enviously. "Say, it must be fine to go around an' do things the way your dad does. Them structural iron-worker fellers sure have a great time.... My dad says I've got to go to college.... Where you goin' next?"

"Dunno," says Billy, Junior. "I heard dad sayin' they was some boats bein' made out west som'ers—Vancouver 'r some place like that.... Say, they'll be cuttin' the check lines in a minute. Come on!"

The Cross of St. George unfurls to the breeze from the after flag-pole as the boys scramble to the top of a pile of lumber. The ship's burgee slips out from the foretruck, with a pennant high above. The ship's pretty godmother hangs the customary bottle of champagne from the upper bow, its delicate ribbons fluttering airily over the powerful knife-edge of the steel stem. Poised there, a bunch of roses in one hand, the christening bottle in the other, she is the central figure of the event—a charming picture in the morning sun.

Far below her, on the ground, five brawny men stand by the five check-lines, and as many at the stern, each balancing an axe, awaiting the signal—

"Cut away!"

Crack! Ten axes crash down as one.

The triggers snap back, the huge vessel is free. For a second she hesitates, sways slightly, and then starts slowly down the ways. The champagne bottle is shattered against the steel, the christening words are spoken, and in another moment she plunges magnificently into the water. A mighty wave, almost as high as the sloping deck, rises from her side, sweeps across the narrow inlet, and dashes its unspent force against the docks on the far side. A shout rises from the spectators, a multitude of shipyard and factory whistles scream up to the sky, every tug and steamer and yacht in the harbor adds its siren to the general uproar—and the ceremony is over.

But the work is not yet over for the builders; the Northern Navigation Company are anxious to get the ship completed and in commission at the opening of navigation in order to make the full quota of trips for the season. There is much work yet to be done.

The boilers and engines must be installed, smoke boxes and funnels set up, numberless steam connections made, the joiner and cabinet work finished, and a host of small touches added here and there by machinists and painters.

In about three months after the launch the ship is ready for her steam trials at dock. The order is given to get up steam. Water is pumped into the boilers, fires are lighted in the furnaces, and in a little while steam is popping merrily from the safety valve. Then, at the usual signal, the throttle valve is opened ever so little, steam rushes to the cylinders, the pistons move slowly and smoothly, the cranks turn and the screw revolves, giving proof of the care, skill and attention that has been given throughout, from the inception of the design to the tightening of the last bolt.

After readjustment of the machinery where needed, coal and stores are put aboard, the builder and consulting engineer for the owners appear, and she steams away for a trial spin in mid-lake. She may cruise about for several days running under all conditions of weather and sea. The engineers are watching for and noting any indication of weakness or of undue strains in hull or machinery. Their inspection is carried to the smallest machine and the connections tested; in fact, nothing escapes them. Her behavior in answering a quick helm under all conditions by the action of the steam-steering gear, also comes in for exhaustive tests. When she steams back into port the experts are ready with their report, but the tuning up process goes on for probably a week or two longer. The furnishings for the staterooms, the table linen and silverware, provisions and other supplies having been taken aboard, the new liner is ready for her first trip in service. With the receipt of the engineer's report that the ship is ready for sea, she has cost her owners all told fully $500,000.

Go, get you gone up-Channel, with the sea-crust on your plates!
Go, get you into London, with the burden of your freights!
Haste, for they talk of Empire there, and say, if any seek
The Lights of England sent you—and by silence shall ye speak!

Though Ushant and her sister lights are four thousand long wet miles from the Five Great Lakes, the lights of England flash and fade on a Canadian traffic no less splendid than that of which Kipling sings. Not from Sydney and Singapore and the islands of far Fiji do the liners of the Great Lakes come, but from eight states and three Provinces. When they thrust through the sullen swells to Sarnia and Port Arthur and the locks of the Soo, they flash the same thrill to the watcher that the old black barque from Upolu brings to the wharf-rat lounging against a bale of jute on the wharves of the Thames.

Once a lake-man, always a lake-man, they say—open water looks good to you, even if it's only in a gutter. And not only to the lake-man, but to everyone who has ever yearned beyond his father's fences, the ships that go down to the sea have a never-ending fascination, so that all his life long he cannot see a liner heading out of the mouth of the river without an ache in his heart for dancing white-caps and rolling swells, and the free white gulls breasting up against the wind, plaintively calling and crying in the cloud-racked arch of the sky.

METAMORPHOSIS

BY SARA H. BIRCHALL

A WASH of sunlight on the wall,
A flowering cherry-spray,
And here's my garret made a hall,
My Lent a feasting-day.

The Comfort Shop

By Emily Vanderhoof

Illustrations by Ellsworth Young

"HE gave me six pairs of gorgeous embroidered silk stockings."

The voice came from the mysterious distance behind the curtain to the reception room in the Comfort Shop.

Now, the Comfort Shop is a little retreat on the top floor of a down-town building where women, old women, young women, plain women, beautiful women, women who are securely happy and women hopeless, world-weary and soul-soiled, come that they may be made more lovely in the eyes of some Dearly Beloved.

The little tables with their white covers, tiny pillows and basins of soapy water were all occupied, while at each two pairs of eyes were intent on the nails of a white hand.

The curtain was thrust suddenly aside. A fresh-faced girl with round arms bared to the elbow looked inquiringly around the room. She nodded to a young woman who had just taken a seat by the door.

"Now, Mrs. Nesbit, you can come. I'm all ready for you. Right into this booth. It is such a treat to have you because you are always on time."

She led the way into a tiny room where a stationary bowl, curling-iron heater, electric vibrator, and trays of hair-pins awaited them. Soon her deft fingers were busy with the pins in Mrs. Nesbit's hair, taking them out rapidly and placing each one with a peculiar little flourish on the shelf below the mirror.

"Flatter you?" she continued. "No, indeed! I wouldn't do that for anything. You certainly have the most beautiful shade of golden brown I ever saw. Well, yes, that's so, it isn't very thick, but then it is so fine—just like a baby's. These braids are like a horse's tail, compared with your hair. Why don't you let us make you some? Yes, they'd be expensive because you'd have to have the finest quality to match your shade and texture. That mouse color or drab is the most expensive because it is the hardest to get.

"Oh, Mrs. Nesbit! Of, course I didn't mean that your hair is really the color of a mouse, but that's what they call it in the trade. Yours is golden brown, but because it's so fine it'd have to be matched in that very expensive shade, then they'd dye the hair to match yours.

"Did you ever hear anything talk like that girl out there? The very idea! To be telling of getting six pairs of silk stockings. I don't believe it. And even if she did, what's the use of

yelling about it? That woman she's doing is a grand opera star. Did you ever see such a fright? She said she'd send us a picture to hang in the reception room, but if she does I'll bet Madame'll throw it in the waste basket. She says she's sang in the very best companies abroad. I don't believe it. If she did, why isn't she there now?

"You just ought to hear a boy in our town sing. Where do I come from? Ontario. Oh, yes, it's on the map.

"Oh, did I pull? It's this comb. I like a very coarse comb. These fine ones are great for ratting, but they're rotten for anything else. What kind of shampoo are you going to have? Egg or soap? I'd advise you to have soap always. Eggs darken the hair, and it'd be a shame if your hair got darker.

"Let me see. What were we talking about. Oh, yes, I remember. Were you ever in Rapid City? No? Well, you've got something to live for then. It's rapid, all right, especially Saturday nights. Why did I leave? Oh, I came down here because my sister's in the University. That is—well, she isn't exactly in the classical college—she's taking domestic science. Isn't that the grandest name? We all had to make beds and wash dishes and sweep and cook at home, and we just hated it good and proper too, but it's sort of different when it's called domestic science; they learn to make timbals and consomme and expensive things like that.

"What good is it going to do her? Why, she expects to teach it at home, and you don't suppose people'd come to her classes just to learn things they'd done all their lives. Them timbals is going to be a great drawing card. I don't believe they ever heard of them in Rapid City.

"Did the water run down your neck? I'm awful sorry. I guess I talk too much.

"OH, DID I PULL? IT'S THIS COMB"

"She's learning sanitation, too. That means how to keep the sinks and bathrooms clean. I don't know just how that'll take because there are only three bathrooms in our town—the Episcopal minister's, the banker's, and Mr. Stein's of the Dry Goods Emporium. Mr. Stein had his put in because the banker had one, and he thought it'd help his credit. That's the honest truth. Just ask Mr. Jones of the Rapid City Clarion. He said he saw the bath room with his own eyes. Any way it'll make them as haven't any feel important to learn all about sanitation. All the sanitation we ever did at home was with soft soap.

"My, but your hair is oily. You'll have to get some of our special tonic. It's a winner for taking out the oil, but between ourselves I'll tell you what's just as good—quinine and whiskey. Take it internally! Now, Mrs. Nesbit, you're joshing me.

"Just hear that opera singer

"YOUR HAIR IS GRAND; IT'S SO EASY TO CURL, DEAR!"

talking about herself. I wish Davie Crabb could take a fall out of her. He studied six months in Ber-lin. Talk about your offers! Why the Emperor of Germany was crazy to have him join his own private troupe.

"Well, I mean whatever it is he has to sing to him when he gets blue. Willie Crabb told me so himself, that's how I know. Did you ever hear that grand song 'As Sore?' Spell it? Oh, I can't, but that's what it sounds like. when Willie sings it—well, I don't know whether I want to cry or what, it makes me that creepy. No, he's not doing anything with his voice. The Rapid City church choirs aren't in his class. He wouldn't waste his talents that way.

Study? How could *he* study? There ain't anyone in Rapid City could teach him anything. Why, he studied in Ber-lin six months.

"Did you notice that, that just blew in? Right over there, being manicured. She's a chorus girl from Anna Held's company. Ain't she sporty? Did you see the long seal coat? I'll bet it's near-seal, and I'd be willing to gamble that it's just near-cat. Hasn't she got the dope on her face though? It must be awful to be a chorus girl, but look at her hands! Ain't they white and soft-looking?

Gee, I think we girls that are good all the time ain't got anything in it with some of them that aren't quite so particular. Oh, not that—but just gay—you know what I mean. They have perfectly swell fellows, and go to all the shows and hops and have lots of fun. And if you're a little bit slow—why, the boys won't take you, that's all. But I give 'em as good as they send, every time.

"Talking about silk stockings. I have three pair: pale green, orange, and white. I never wear them down here. I don't think it looks well for a girl to wear silk stockings to work. I'm saving them until I get married. No, I'm not engaged, but Willie Crabb and me keep company, and I'm going home on a visit this summer. You never can tell what'll happen and it's just as well to be prepared.

"Don't you like the hot air dryer? I'll use a towel then. I wouldn't do that for everyone, but I took an awful fancy to you the first time you came. You look exactly like Mrs. Ware, the banker's wife out home, only you're not so stout. I suppose you weigh about one hundred and twenty-five? That's just right for your height. My, but your figure is elegant, and I'll bet it isn't done with a corset either. You should see some of them that come in here. If they don't have to do some puffing to get theirselves down for a shampoo.

"There, now! Your hair is grand. It is so easy to curl, dear. I'm going to show you how to put your braids on so they'll be as thick in back as in front. Braids are certainly becoming to you. It takes just your style to wear them.

"There, isn't that grand? Only it's a shame they're not as fine as your hair. Madame could make you two beauties for $30. Shall I call her? Oh, I know you could afford it.

"Well, perhaps you'll change your mind. Can I give you a manicure now? That's so. It is late. I hadn't noticed the time. I do love to listen to you talk.

"Oh, thank you, Mrs. Nesbit. I'll buy one of those cute neck bows with this. Good-bye. Come again."

Mrs. Nesbit caught up her muff and gloves, and, as the curtain fell into place behind her, was it fancy, or did she hear:

"Old cat! She might have bought the braids, and I'd have made five on them."

WAS IT FANCY, OR DID SHE HEAR "OLD CAT!"

The King's Wish

By C. G. Marquis

Illustrated by F. D. Schwalm

FEDORA was in a very crisp and crusty humor in the morning. She thought she would have to go to the hills again. She had hoped that José would have been able to take Roderigo's place, but she could not afford to lose her sheep. She gave him a very scanty breakfast, and kept from him what had made all his former meals pleasant—kind words.

The two went to the fold together, and when the door was opened the flock trooped out in pairs. As the last pair leaped out into the sunshine and began to browse the dew-sprinkled grass, Mother Fedora uttered an amazed cry. She looked at José with a compassionate look, as much as to say, "José, forgive my cruelty. I made a mistake; they are all here." But she was too proud a woman to say so. Instead she exclaimed: "I will not go with you to-day; only be sure you keep awake, or it will not go well with you."

As the little fellow was about to march away with his flock she gave him a motherly kiss, and bestowed more grapes and oranges on him for his noonday meal, than he had ever had before. He was forgiven; with a light heart he went to his day's work, determined to do his duty manfully.

When noon came José was reluctant to take his meal, fearing lest the previous day's experience would be repeated; but he chose the most uncomfortable place he could find among the rocks and turned his face from the pleasing valley to the gloomy mountain tops, and there, unsheltered under the glaring sun, he ate his simple meal. But nothing seemed to avail him. He was a young dreamer, and his thoughts began to wander up the hillside, through the forest, and into the place where Zora was but a few days ago, and he was soon playing about among the tents of his people, unheeding the sheep that he had so earnestly resolved to watch with such care.

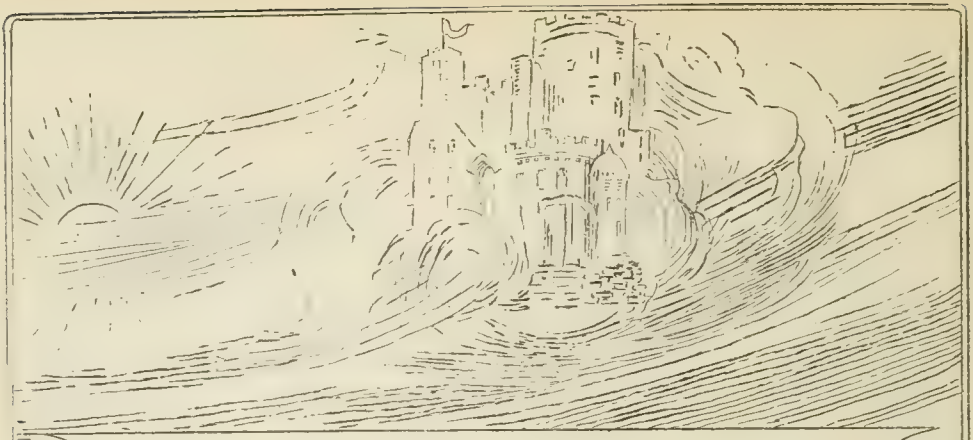
But he had a rude awakening. Just as he thought himself a mighty warrior leading home captives by thousands to his castle prison, he received a blow that stretched him on the ground.

"So," cried Mother Fedora, "you thought I was going to leave you here to yourself to let my sheep wander away to be devoured by some of your robber friends, who, I expect, are still lurking in the hills. Wake up!"

But the little fellow was stunned, and it was not till Fedora had brought a bowl of water from the spring near by and bathed his face that he opened his eyes.

"Where am I?" he cried.

"Where are you?" she answered.



"A nice question, when you know the trouble you caused me last night by your sleepy indolence. Wake up!" and she shook him angrily.

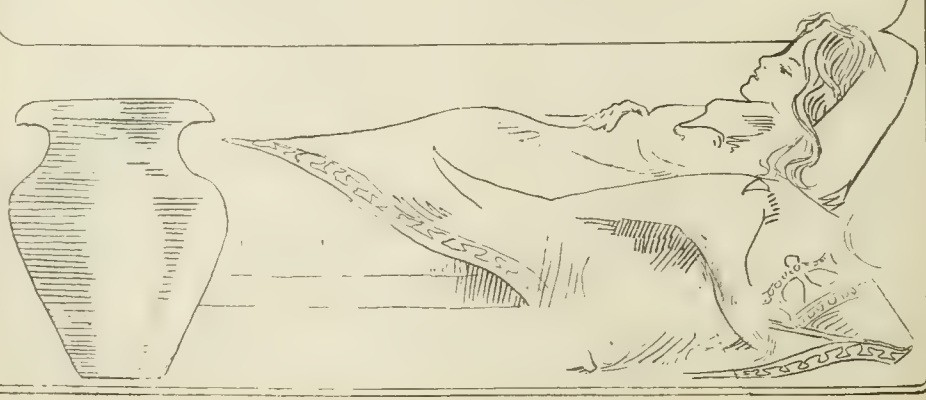
But the poor little fellow seemed so weak and looked so pale and helpless that her heart relented, and she gave him a little of the wine that was left from his noonday meal.

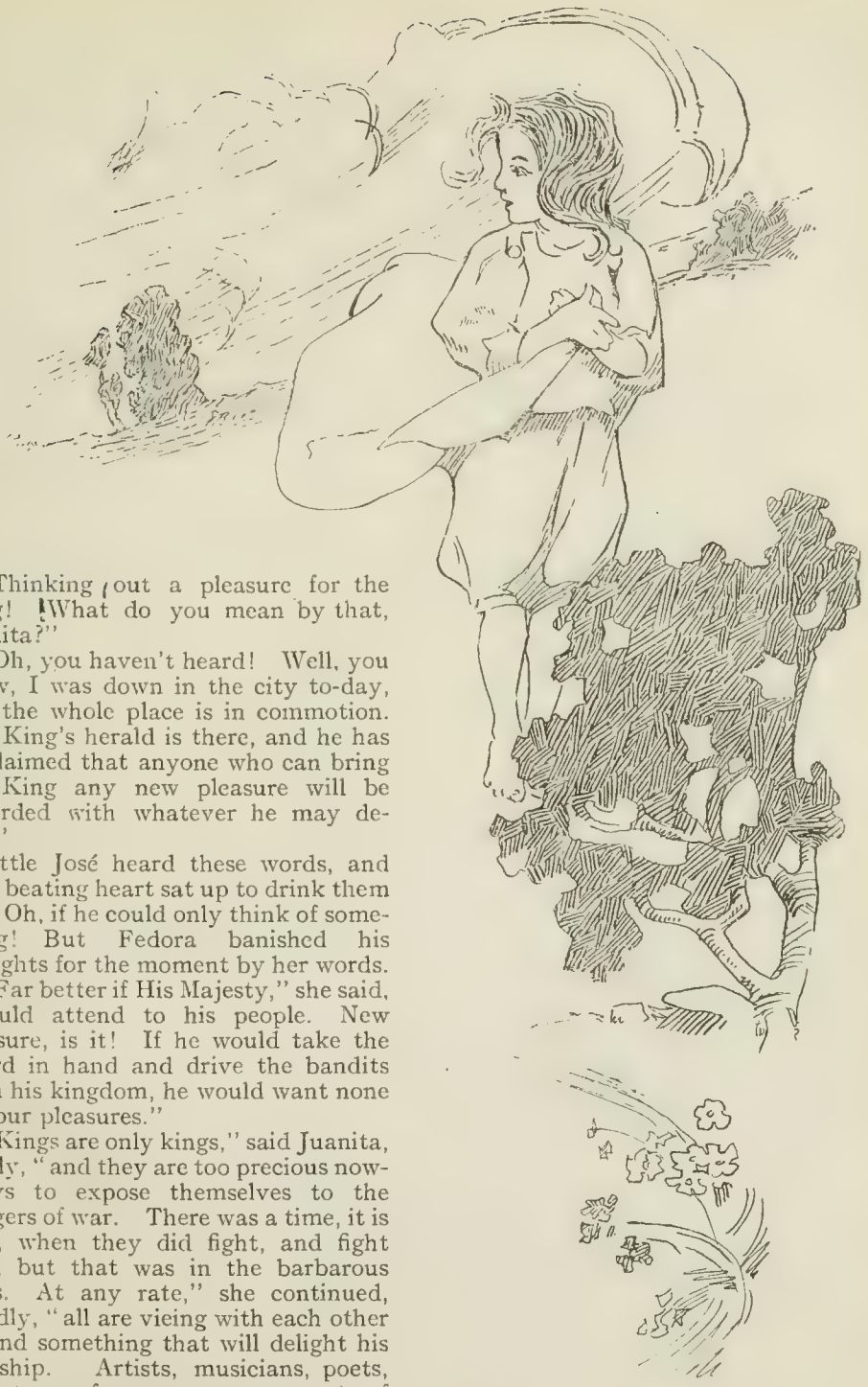
"Here, take this," she said; "and why did you sit here in the sun? It is a wonder it didn't kill you. Go and rest there in the shade and I'll attend to the flock."

José dragged himself to the sheltering rock, and lying there on the soft turf he fell into a deep sleep. Fedora did not wake him till folding-time came, and then the two went home: the one with a heavy heart, the other with deep misgivings lest the boy that had cost her "two whole sheep" was after all going to be nothing but a burden. However, she determined to give him another trial.

That night after José had been bidden to go rest, Fedora stood at her door looking out at the stars that were creeping slowly across the sky. She too had her dreams, and as she looked out on the cloudless night, she began to wonder if, when she was too old to move about her cottage, José would be to her the comfort and support that her little Roderigo had often declared he would be. But her neighbor Juanita roused her from her reverie.

"Buenas noches, Fedora," she exclaimed, "Thinking out a pleasure for the King?"





"Thinking out a pleasure for the King! What do you mean by that, Juanita?"

"Oh, you haven't heard! Well, you know, I was down in the city to-day, and the whole place is in commotion. The King's herald is there, and he has proclaimed that anyone who can bring the King any new pleasure will be rewarded with whatever he may desire."

Little José heard these words, and with beating heart sat up to drink them in. Oh, if he could only think of something! But Fedora banished his thoughts for the moment by her words.

"Far better if His Majesty," she said, "would attend to his people. New pleasure, is it! If he would take the sword in hand and drive the bandits from his kingdom, he would want none of your pleasures."

"Kings are only kings," said Juanita, wisely, "and they are too precious nowadays to expose themselves to the dangers of war. There was a time, it is true, when they did fight, and fight well, but that was in the barbarous days. At any rate," she continued, rapidly, "all are vieing with each other to find something that will delight his kingship. Artists, musicians, poets, inventors of games—every sort of genius, in fact—crowd the palace day and night, but no new thing can be

found. I only wish I had brains," she exclaimed, "I would——" and on her tongue rattled, naming many things she would do for the King's happiness.

Little José took in every word, and in his heart longed to do something, think out some way of doing what others seemed unable to do. But what could he do? and his busy little brain kept asking himself this question till the morning light stole into the cottage, and sleepless and tired, he arose at Fedora's command.

Standing in the night air, gossiping with Juanita had had a bad effect on Fedora. Her joints were so stiff that she was hardly able to rise from her bed; and José, eager to be kind to her, fell on his knees and said that if she would only try him once more he would be faithful. There was nothing else that she could do, and with angry injunctions she threatened his very life if he failed in his trust. She even took down the fierce-looking weapon with which she had faced the mountain band to terrify the lad, and vowed to take off his head if so much as a piece of wool were missing from one of the flock. José, after promising again and again to be faithful, was at last allowed to start out, pursued by her angry cries.

On he trudged towards the pasturage where he had spent two such unfortunate days, and ere he reached it he found that he was hardly able to drag himself along. It was the sleepless night that was telling on him. Oh! why had he listened to Juanita. This thought brought back the whole desires of the night to him. By the time the sheep were browsing the juicy grass, he was wandering in dreams over the world seeking some new pleasure for the King. His head soon fell forward on his breast, and his little brain was filled with the splendours that the King had bestowed on him and Zora, nor did he cease his dreaming till the slow sun was beginning to creep to its rest behind the purple hills. When he did awake, not a sheep was to be seen, and with terrified thoughts and visions of the awful fate awaiting him from Fedora's sword he rushed madly from the place, not knowing where he went.

CHAPTER III.

José with a breaking heart ran frantically towards the dark forest that crowned the mountain summit. There were dangers there; but he did not fear them, nor did he even think of them; for the thought of his neglected duty and the awful dread of his mistress and her terrifying weapon drove them from his mind. He would soon pass through the dark mass of tangled branches, and once on the other side of the hill he had no doubt but that the few members of his tribe who had been kept as slaves by their conquerors would give him a welcome. At any rate Zora was there, and he could tell her how careless he had been, and how he had longed to be back to play with her among the flowery dingles of their home.

With such thoughts he ran on till the border of the wood was reached, and then an icy dread crept over his heart. Fedora had warned him again and again that this wood was haunted by cruel wolves that lay in wait for sheep and boys; and although Fedora had somewhat magnified the danger, still José knew that wild beasts did live in the forest, and as he paused and looked into the black depths before him he seemed to see fierce, burning eyes staring greedily at him; and the sighing of the evening wind through the branches sounded to his terrified ears like angry, savage growls.

He looked back towards the valley and saw the green slopes gleaming in the rays of the setting sun, but as no sheep were browsing there the thought of his angry mistress gave him new courage, and he plunged into the shadows of the forest kings that rose in stalwart grandeur on every side.

He dared not look back: there seemed to be dread creatures following close at his heels, and even the twigs crackling under his feet sounded threatening. On and on he rushed, and darker and denser grew the wood at every step, till he began to think that night was settling down about him. Oh! if he could only reach the summit, he thought, before darkness set in, he would perhaps be able to see where the tents of his people were pitched.

The thought of his old home gave him new energy, and with bleeding feet, with clothes torn by the sharp branches, with a heart beating with dread till he could hear its every throb he darted forward like a young deer. But the pace was too much for his strength, and before long he fell over a broken branch and lay exhausted on the ground. He wished himself back with Fedora; the utter loneliness of the wood was more dreadful than her wrath, and he debated retracing his steps out of the forest, down the slope, and throwing himself for mercy at her feet.

Just then his ear was startled by a strange, weird sound, a sound that seemed to steal from a sun-lit world into the forest darkness and dispel its blackness. He rose to listen, and as he did so a sunbeam, seemingly laden with music, stole across his face and made him forget his pain. Again and again the music sounded, growing sweeter at each touch of the hidden musician's hand. José had heard many instruments, and he loved music, but no such sounds had ever before fallen on his ear. The music rang out stronger and clearer and every feeling except pleasure vanished. No thought of danger, no despair, no pain, no regret was in his heart. He rose to his feet, and like one entranced drank in the sweet strains. Sunbeams seemed to play about him, and one with many soft colors danced in his eyes. It appeared to beckon him onwards, and, without power to resist, he followed it through the woodland mazes. The music was about him, in his brain, in his heart; and ever as he went it grew stronger and more enthralling till he seemed to become a being of light and sweet sound instead of the José of flesh and blood whose young heart had been bleeding so painfully only a few moments ago. At last the whole world became a flood of light, and his dazzled eyes looked upon a more wonderful scene than had ever entered into his most fantastic dream.

The wood had come to an end, and before him was a dell of exquisite beauty. The broad green carpet seemed one glitter of diamonds and pearls. Every blade of grass had on it a separate gem. Flowers in rich profusion and of unearthly beauty were spread on all sides, and each blossom was adorned with a heart of gold. Fairyland birds in gorgeous plumage darted in and out among the surrounding bushes. The trees about this spot, too, had lost the rugged appearance of the forest ones, and on many branches mellow fruit glittered red and tempting before the eyes of the awe-struck boy. Over this whole scene the soft, exquisite music stole out dreamily on the evening air, as though playing the lullaby of the sun that was slowly sinking beneath the Western horizon.

At first José wondered where the music came from, for his eyes were so dazzled with the glorious light and undreamt of beauty that he did not think of looking for the musician. At length his glance fell upon a mossy bank embowered in a canopy of flowers, and there he beheld a strangely picturesque figure. A little man with a flowing snow-white beard reaching almost to his waist, and equally snow-white hair falling in great masses about his shoulders sat and played the wondrous instrument. He was clothed in a coat of scarlet with gold and silver ornaments; his breeches were of rich purple material and his shoes were adorned with large gold buckles.

José's eyes rested but for a moment on the gorgeous apparel of the musician; the face soon held his riveted attention. Such a kindly face! Such an old young face! A face that might have begun with the world, and yet on it was the sun-lit smile of a laughing child. José wished to rush forward and fall at his feet, but the music kept him spellbound.

If the scene were strangely beautiful, if the little man seemed like some kindly sprite from the realm of dreams, the instrument that answered his touch was yet more wonderful. The frame of it seemed one mass of gold and the strings were not strings but darting sunbeams that lived beneath the supple fingers that ran rapidly across them. The sun was shining through the trees, and as its rays struck the golden glory

José noticed that it was adorned in every part with stones that flashed forth all the colors of the rainbow. It was the light reflected from the instrument that cast such a glory over the grotto. It was this light that had drawn him from the despair of the dark woods to this place where every danger was forgotten.

Could he be dreaming? At the thought the music grew sweeter and stronger, and José could keep back no longer; slowly he advanced to the musician whose smile and kind eyes seemed to join with the music in drawing him onward. At last he reached the musician's very feet and with a childish impulse rested his hand on the little man's knee. The harper spoke no word, but played on, while José with burning heart drank in every sound. Slowly the sun sank, and the light in the wood grew dimmer and dimmer, and as it faded the music grew softer and softer till José could hardly hear it, and yet it penetrated to his very heart. He seemed to think the sun had something to do with the music, and with an impulsive cry he exclaimed, "O Sun, do not go down!" But the musician only smiled kindly upon him, as the sun sank behind the world.

The music ceased, and all the rich colors faded away from the landscape. The harp, too, had lost its beauty, and the birds that had been listening to its strains burst out into evening songs. But the face of the musician was the same; the sun had not changed it. The same sweet smile lighted it and the tender eyes, that were given a moment ago to the instrument, turned with loving sympathy to the little lad.

"Play! Play!" cried José, looking up with eager eyes into the kindly face.

To be continued

The Changeling

by Madge Macbeth
Author of "The Intruders" etc.

Illustrated by L. J. Herndon

Fay Chester, an orphan, was the daughter of a clergyman who had married an actress of the emotional school. The girl's temperament combined the physical magnetism of her mother with the keen intellect of her father. Escaping from the too ardent attentions of one of her admirers, Gordon Wylde, she makes a visit to her cousin, Chester Sayre and his wife, Lorna, who are not only in poor circumstances but are struggling under the burden of Chester's continued ill-health. In their adversity, Chester's friend, Clinton Northrop, is a tower of strength, lending them his advice and help in all their difficulties. Lorna unconsciously compares the two men, her husband and Clinton Northrop, and finds herself wishing that her husband were more like Northrop in character, as he is, oddly enough, in looks. On the other hand, Northrop's interest in Lorna's strong personality grows, day by day. Fay, in the meantime, becomes somewhat disturbed in spirit when Gordon Wylde comes to town to renew his attentions to her. She rejects his suit and he distresses her by suggesting that Lorna and Clinton Northrop are in love with each other. Chester becomes much worse and is sent to a sanitarium at Saranac. Meanwhile, Clinton remains to protect Laura. Fay meets Mrs. Patterson and her son, Robert, at a summer resort and resents a rudeness of Mrs. Patterson's. Meeting Robert, she decides to punish his mother through him, but when he asks her to marry him, she decides that she cares more for him than for her revenge and accepts his proposal. Fay and Robert go to a sailing party in honor of Mrs Corbett. an old friend. Then Gordon returns, and Fay tells him she has promised to marry Robert. All this while Lorna has become more and more affected by tuberculosis, although she bravely conceals her illness. She goes to the sanitarium to see Chester.

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

Chester moved his head impatiently.

"It doesn't matter," he said, "I wanted to talk to you about the money. God, how they have fleeced me here, fleeced me and tortured me. I thought I was a cure, and look at me now." He tried to laugh. "They butchered me, damn them, and took my last penny."

Lorna laid her hand on his head soothingly. She thought him delirious.

"Never mind, dear, we can still manage."

"Manage," he repeated, "Have you anything left?"

"Not much," Lorna admitted.

"And this trip," said her husband, "that must have taken a good deal. I know from experience."

"The trip, dear, was Clinton's birthday gift to Phoebe. He wanted me particularly to tell you."

"You took money from Northrop?' Even in its weakness, incredulity was strong in Chester's voice.

Lorna's face flamed, and her lip quivered; her punishment was beginning.

"I could not have come, otherwise," she said, sorrowfully. "My own money was all spent by Christmas, Chester; there were so many unforeseen expenses." Of course she was thinking of the baby's funeral, and Phoebe's illness, of which he must be told nothing.

The look on her husband's face puzzled Lorna.

"Then where did you get the money for running expenses?" he asked in a dangerously calm voice.

"From the loan company," she answered, relieved at being able to tell something truthfully.

"They sent it to you, I suppose?" asked Chester again.

"No, I gave Clinton the papers, and he put the money to my credit in the bank—"

A hoarse laugh broke from the dying man's lips.

"Liar," he cried, "liars and traitors, both of you! Do you pretend to be ignorant that the fool company failed at Christmas and never has paid but that one dividend? I got the notification along with my other *Christmas presents* from home."

Lorna stared at him stupefied. The words hardly sank into her brain. How had Chester got this letter—oh, light began to dawn; Clinton was away at Christmas and some one else in the office had forwarded all of Chester's mail. But *he* must have known and had not told her.

"So you lived on Northrop's money, while your husband was eating his heart out here, did you? Northrop, the husband's friend! No wonder you were anxious to rid yourself of me," he continued, raising himself and shaking his trembling fist at the bowed head of his wife.

"I am only sorry I had not sense enough to see it sooner. Six months, at least, in a fool's Paradise!" He laughed again and the sound roused Lorna.

Her eyes were blazing with an unnatural light, her teeth chattered as with cold, and the spot where her lips had touched the quilt was marked by a damp, red stain.

"You are mad," she whispered, "mad—I did not know! I do not lie; we are not traitors! All these weeks, we have had but one thought—your welfare; we have talked of you, prayed for you, longed for you, and all for *this!*" She choked and swallowed several times. "The angels in heaven could have found no flaw in our association, and, as for the money, I suppose Clinton could not see us starve. It hurts to have to say a word in self defense, yet it is insufferable to sit quiet and hear your ignoble accusations —yours—my husband, the father of our children, for whom I have crucified my soul and tainted my body. Oh, God! God!" She fell back against a chair beside the bed, causing a noisy clatter of spoons, tumblers, and vials of different kinds. The door opened, quickly, and a white-capped attendant ran to the bed side; Lorna had fainted.

HE LAUGHED, AND THE SOUND ROUSED LORNA

She was put in a room adjoining Chester's, at his request, and he waited in feverish anxiety for her recovery. The doctor did not encourage a second interview, but thought it unwise to thwart the dying man in his present state of excitement. Then he looked at Lorna and shook his head.

In the early dawn, when the morning's faint pink was in the sky, a troubled spirit was set free.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Fay and Robert did not speak from the time they

left Gordon until they reached the hotel. Then Robert laid his hand a moment on Fay's arm.

"You must have had a trying time, dear. I was thinking of you all evening and wishing I could help."

The two hazel eyes into which he looked, filled with tears, tears of thanks and appreciation.

"Mother feels it her duty to leave us to-morrow," Patterson continued more lightly, "and I have promised to go a short way with her."

"That's right," Fay smiled ever so little at the idea of Mrs. Patterson's aversion to leave. She never spoke to Fay, and scarcely ever to Robert. "And when will you be back?"

"Early the following morning; then together we will see Mrs. Corbett off, I suppose," he added with some hesitation, "that Wylde will not stay much longer. I don't want to see you troubled, dear."

The girl shrugged her shoulders.

"*Quien sabe?*" she answered. "Good-night Bobbie, I'm dead tired."

Except for a few words with Robert the following morning, Fay saw no one until lunch time, remaining in her room. She was distressingly depressed and perplexed; the relief she had expected to experience after telling Gordon, did not come. Instead she had the unsettled sensation one feels when waiting for something to happen.

"I am superstitious," she said, crossly to herself, "to allow this apprehension to depress me. All the same I wish Bobbie were here."

She lunched late and returned to her room to write Lorna, who at that moment was on her way to Saranac; somehow the thought of her always helped. But she could not concentrate; a peculiar restlessness possessed her, the ocean called, the wind sang, the surf charmed her. She put her writing materials aside and was dressing to go out, when some one rapped at her door.

"An answer, please, miss," said the bell boy, handing her a note from Gordon.

"I see your suitor is absent; I have also noticed your own seclusion and am at a loss whether to attribute it to a languishing for Patterson, or a desire to avoid me. Needless to say, I should not have behaved as I did last night, had you been honest enough with me to acquaint me with the turn events had taken in my absence. I might say also that I think you have treated me abominably. Yet am I going to eat humble pie and ask one more favor of you, before I leave (to-morrow). Will you come out in the Idlewylde at seven? I will get the Bayhaven crowd, at least Mrs. Corbett and Ponsonby, and we can take a farewell run. Please do not refuse me this; it is the last request I shall ever make of you.

GORDON."

SHE STEPPED SOFTLY INTO CHESTER'S ROOM

"Tell Mr. Wylde I will go," said Fay to the boy. "I must do something," she added, sitting down again to finish her letter.

While dressing for an early dinner, she asked herself if it were possible that Gordon meant to accept defeat so easily; she knew he rated Bobbie far below him as a rival, and that he must question the truth of her loving him.

She felt perfectly at sea as to her own actions, sensing a necessity to guard against an inexplicable Something.

Unlike many women who find it hard to relinquish the fond thought of man's undying faithfulness to their memory,

it would have been a relief to Fay, had she been able to persuade herself that Gordon accepted her decision concerning Patterson and himself, but she could not.

"Something will surely happen," she said over and over again.

At a quarter to seven she was standing in the cockpit of the launch, waiting for her host. Her restlessness had increased, and she looked longingly out toward the open sea.

Gordon walked quickly down the pier, and seeing her waiting, lifted his hat.

"Am I late?" he asked, apologetically. "There were some telegrams which had to go."

"Well, come," urged Fay. "See, the sun is almost setting; I hope Irene will not keep us waiting."

At the Bayhaven pier, Harrison ran ashore a moment; Mrs. Corbett and Ponsonby were not there, but a bell boy from the hotel handed Gordon a note. He scanned it hastily and turned to Fay.

"She can't come," he said, almost before reading the note, "but don't let that matter. We need not stay long. Will you go anyway?" Fay hesitated a moment. The Pagan lifted his head and called to her; the sea was dyed with crimson and gold; a slight breeze ruffled her hair and cooled her cheeks and lips which felt scorching hot. Gordon looked at her covertly and swayed the least bit nearer. "You want to go," he urged, "say yes."

Had Fay turned toward him, she would have decided at once to return to Southhaven, but her eyes were heavy with the love of the scene before her. She steeped her artist's soul in the intoxication of its beauty. The dome above, tinted delicately in the east, gradually merging its soft radiance into flaming crimson and gold darts, stretching streakily across the west; a few scattered downy clouds, hanging well out of the voluptuous glow, preserved their whiteness and purity, save for their pearly tinted edges; the sea, Venetian in its splendor, blue and pink and gold, rolling sensuously, restlessly, alluringly; Fay drank in the picture, as Gordon drank in her personality, and yielded.

"We must ride into the sunset," she said passionately, "into the heart of things."

"Wait for me in the bow," said Wylde, "I will join you presently."

He led her to the very bow of the boat, and left her. A moment afterwards, Fay was conscious of the engine's throb, as the Idlewylde moved slowly from the Bayhaven pier, and with precision, as though guided by her accustomed, experienced hand, she swung round into the flaming pathway of the setting sun.

The vivid ball dropped into the sea, and Fay wondered that she could not hear a hiss as it touched the water; the boat raced along its course with a buoyant, leaping motion, mad with the joy of its freedom; a shower of salt spray scattered on the deck, and the girl swayed easily, rhythmically, resting one hand on the rail, the other clasping the slender flag-pole.

Her hair blew loose and clung against her lips; she brushed it back and laughed aloud, as an adventurous wave splashed against her face. She forgot the world in the mad intoxication of the moment.

"It is heaven," she breathed, "it is Life and Freedom; I am Big, BIG, BIG!"

Thus entranced, she stood, until the light faded out of the sky and darkness settled quickly; a presence aroused her, something brought her back from the heights where she had stood.

Gordon was beside her.

"Do you like it?" he asked.

"I would that my lips could utter the thoughts that arise in me," she quoted, conscious herself of the throbbing of her voice.

Gordon moved closer, he touched her, and put his arm upon the rail at her back, pinning the girl in the spot where she stood. Fay felt him tremble and looked full at him, for the first time; until now he had been forgotten. She hardly realized how her eyes answered the passionate appeal in his, even from a different cause, but she was immediately conscious that he read and misunderstood something.

"Darling," he whispered hoarsely, "you are mine, all mine—I knew it would come—*my hour*."

"Gordon," Fay spoke sharply, "remember that I am your guest; remember what I told you last night, and—let go."

The boat lurched; a wind had risen, and her course seemed less certain.

For answer Wylde caught the girl passionately to him and held her, struggling, so.

"You have had your dream," he said, speaking with his lips against her hair, "the very dream you told me, that night so long ago. You stood in the prow of a boat, riding on a crimson pathway, into the very heart of things. The waves rose laughingly to kiss you, as I do now, —the wind whipped your beautiful hair loose for me, me! You dreamed of bliss unspeakable—you Lived—" he paused, "*for me!*"

Fay struggled against the man's brute strength.

"Gordon," she said, again, this time with contempt, as well as anger in her voice, "be a gentleman if you can't be a *man*. Stop at once, or I will call Harrison."

Wylde laughed recklessly. "Harrison is miles away," he jeered. I left him at Bayhaven."

"*What?*"

"I left him at Bayhaven, I tell you. When you came here, to stand, *I* went below and started the engine, taking pains to keep that direct course, knowing of a surety you would be oblivious to everything but your own dream. It was all there," he continued, "even the sea gull, which I noticed, dazzling white against the crimson back ground. Even *I* was impressed by the scene, although for the most part, I looked only at you." He held the girl a little from him, gazed laughingly at her, then kissed her full on the lips. "I have lashed the wheel securely."

"And now?" she asked in a strangely quiet voice. All at once the sea was big and black, and lonely. Its very vastness was a menace; the shore lights were far away, and there was nothing but dense gloom ahead.

"Now," answered Wylde, slowly, "now I am to have my hour. God knows I've dreamed of it day and night for weeks, until I burn with the fever of it; I have starved for you too long, and my hour is come."

GORDON MOVED CLOSER AND PUT HIS ARM ON THE RAIL

He kissed her again, hungrily.

"To-night you are rich in lovers; one absent who will never taste of bliss unspeakable," he went on tensely, "one who will drink the cup of happiness, drink it to the dregs, then pass you on to your lover there"—he pointed vaguely to the blackness of the ocean—"in whose arms you may lie forever."

Fay put her two hands against his breast and pushed herself away from him.

"You are mad," she whispered, seriously.

If Gordon had been thrilled for no other reason, his pulse would have leapt now, looking down into her wide-open astonished gaze. He revelled in her absolute fearlessness; she did not shrink nor cry. She looked him squarely in the eye, and said "You are mad."

"Mad," he echoed, laughing aloud and mirthlessly, "I never have been

sane, till now. I have let my love for you consume me. It has burned with a fire agonizing in its intensity, and now you pay the price.— Now, O God, you are mine."

Strange though it seems,her thoughts were not for herself but for Bobbie. Quickly as she could command her wits she weighed two courses, and decided not for herself, but for him.

"Listen to me a moment," her voice was laden with pain, "take me back, Gordon, and I will marry you, to-night."

He laughed again, wildly. "Marry me, marry me! Never! Have I not gone through the nethermost corners of hell for you already? Have I not been frenzied by your indifference enough? Marry you, and watch your growing coldness, your disgust, even at the sight of me—Come," he cried, lifting her bodily, and carrying her aft, "into the bridal chamber. I will tell you once more how I love you, love you."

Fay lay inertly in his arms, she could not connect this dramatic unreality with ordinary every day existence. In every drama there is a release; it must be so with this one. Of course Gordon was mad, she realized that, also her own predicament, but Fate would intervene, she knew. It was only a question of time.

Gordon laid her gently on the leather cushioned couch, and knelt beside her. His face was not distinguishable now, the inky blackness was heavy and soft about them like a velvet cloth.

"You have forgotten one part of my vision, Gordon," Fay began, speaking gently, as one would to a wayward child, "it was the *Bigness*, the Purity which I drank in, until it became a part of me. Is it not possible that you can feel it too?"

For an instant he did not answer,then, "You are trying to make me ashamed; perhaps you can, but nothing, nothing can make me give you up, to-night. Put your arms around my neck," he continued, his lips on hers, "put your arms around my neck and say 'I love you,'—ah, your lips, your lips. . . . say, 'I love you,' only once—"

A crash!

* * * * * * *

The officer of the watch heard a slight noise forward and leaned over the starboard rail.

By the ship's lights, he saw some bits of wreckage floating aft and he swore, angrily.

"Another one of those fool millionaires, running his launch without a light—serves him right," and he gave the signal to reverse the engines.

THE END.

THE LURE OF THE ROAD

BY HORATIO WINSLOW

I BUILT a house between two hills
  Whereon I did devise;
"Who makes an end to wandering
  Is cousin to the wise."
But the West Wind laughed and blew the dust
  Of the hill tops in mine eyes.

The Black Cloud veiled me; "Ho!" quoth I,
  "You have no lure for me
That I should face your rack and storm
  And flout my tight roof-tree."
But the Black Cloud laughed and wet my cheek
  With the spindrift of the sea.

KEEPING STORE AT TETE JAUNE CACHE

BY WALLACE FINCH AND L. DARBY

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

IN THREE PARTS

PART THREE

IT WAS an adventure indeed! A real adventure for a man who, although he had been in the wilderness for two months, had never moved without an experienced guide, never been left alone except in the quiet security of the store at Tete Jaune Cache.

It all happened because the Indian of the canoe tried to over-reach a white man. Caswell, a man bound for Prince Rupert with two partners, sent his horses back to Edmonton, intending to buy a canoe from some friends of Jimmie's who were coming up the Fraser. But when Pierce and Smith arrived they had left the canoe a day's journey down the river near Horse Creek and Caswell was obliged to bridge the gap in some way. He asked the Indian to carry his outfit but, like all Indians when they think they have a white man in a corner, he asked an outrageous price which Caswell refused to pay. Instead he asked us if we could take his party down to the canoe with our pack horses, and Frank suggested that perhaps Will would like to go. Here was Will's opportunity! A chance to see what he could do. Inwardly he felt a little tremulous at the prospect of the return trip over a poorly marked trail alone with four horses, but he smothered the tremor and said "yes."

Thursday morning the four men set out on foot driving the pack horses and expecting to reach Horse Creek and the canoe by evening. But shortly after fording Small River they lost the trail and camped for the night in the woods, and although Will roused the party at four the next morning it was almost dark when they found the canoe and unloaded at the mouth of Horse Creek. Saturday morning early Will brought the horses in near the camp but they escaped and back trailed. Caught and driven in again they repeated the performance and Caswell went out to help Will in rounding them up but took the wrong way back and after a long search for the trail his partners came out hunting for their missing friends. By the united efforts of the four men the four horses were finally tied near the camp while their tired master swallowed a hasty breakfast—a poor preparation for a long day's journey by a delicate man. At last Will started, leading the train on Little Bay, Caswell with him to see him safely on the main trail. Then "goodbye and good luck" and he was off toward Tete Jaune Cache.

It was rather pleasant to be alone with the woods and Will rode along in a quiet dream. Suddenly he found himself in a thicket with no exit except the way he had come in; turning, he retraced his steps but found no opening in the direction in which he wished to go—the trail was lost. After a fruitless search he worked his way back to a creek which he remembered, found the crossing and started on. Soon lost again, he left the horses and went back to the creek to find another trail of which he had heard, but with no success. It was now raining and growing dark so he brought the horses back to the crossing and camped for the night. There was nothing to eat and he was wet, tired and very anxious. Sunday morning he wrote a memorandum telling of his plight and posted it conspicuously on a tree. Then he

packed the horses but they refused to start, so he unpacked them intending to caché the things and let the horses go while he walked home. After a little while he found a few raspberries which were delicious but only made him realize his hunger, and while he was searching the bushes for more the horses disappeared leaving him oppressed by solitude, the responsibility of losing four good horses and fear for his own fate. Darkness came on again and rolled in his blanket he spent a cold, restless night on the damp ground. Monday he rose painfully and went back to the creek to change the memorandum and on the return trip found some more raspberries. He realized that he could not wander about that creek crossing forever, living on an occasional handful of berries, so strapping his blanket on his back he started resolutely in the direction in which he thought Tete Jaune Cache ought to be, scrambling over fallen trees and forcing way straight through thickets, wasting no time in hunting for trails.

Working doggedly along with all his remaining strength focused on keeping his feet moving in that direction, he began slowly to feel that he was progressing with comparative ease; unwittingly he had stumbled into the trail. Then joy of joys, he heard hoof beats and voices and two old acquaintances of the Cache rode up behind him. They insisted that he should ride one of their horses for they saw that his strength was almost exhausted, but he was so keyed up by excitement that he did not feel his condition. A sandwich and the sight of two of the straying horses which they found at Small River helped to cheer him and soon they met Frank, who had become alarmed when Will was three days overdue and was starting out to hunt for him. Frank went on to look for the other two horses and Will and his friends rode into "town" about supper time. Then came the reaction. With plenty of food, warmth and a bed his intense weariness surged over him and it was an exhausted and chastened Will who turned out the next morning to meet a large Grand Trunk Pacific survey party.

They proved to be old friends, Graham's party with whom we had spent three days at Big Eddy on our way out. This time it was they who brought us mail, our first bundle of letters since we left Edmonton two months before. For some time the store was neglected while we were buried in the precious sheets.

The afternoon of August fourteenth while Will was reading in the tent he heard a big splash in the river and knew that the salmon, due that day on their annual pilgrimage up the Fraser from the sea over seven hundred miles away, had arrived. Toward evening he went down to the bank and heard a number splashing and saw one jump up stream. The next day as he was washing the dinner dishes Will was startled to find an Indian with a gun by his side. The man had come up the hill and over the fence without a sound. Will managed to understand that he was related to the Indians across the river, had just arrived from Lac Ste. Anne, and was hungry. Will made porridge and tea which the Indian devoured in silence, then went away with a boy and girl who had come for him in a canoe. There was no greeting. He simply stepped into the canoe, picked up a paddle, the girl took the other one and away they went. At the farther bank he stepped out and stalked up the hill to the tepees leaving the girl to struggle up under a heavy bundle of pine boughs she had gathered on this side. A strange people truly!

This man proved to be the advance guard of the party which we had met on our way out. The salmon had come and the Indians were at home again from Lac Ste. Anne for the annual fishing. The party which now arrived were tired, wet and hungry—they are always hungry—and though it was strictly against the rules, Will started up his fire to make more porridge, and even while the water was boiling the number of his guests was augmented by half a dozen from the village across the river. During our very first meal at the Cache an Indian boy had squatted close to us all the time we were eating, without a word but with a pathetic look in his eyes that touched Will's compassion. But our experienced

RIDING A BIT LOW IN THE WATER DOESN'T BOTHER TIMBER-LOOKERS

members refused to feed him, warning Will that the boy, his family and his friends would appear at every meal ever after. Will now had a practical demonstration of the Indian appetite.

In the midst of the big dish washing following the Indian tea party Jimmie put in his appearance and soon after came three men from Calgary and Edmonton led by "Jock," an old guide and trapper known throughout the Northwest. If you look in the government reports of the survey west of Edmonton you will find many references to "Jock's trail". Jock's party stayed several days and shared our fire and table which made it very pleasant for us. Will learned a number of things from the experienced frontiersman; how to select trees for

LODGES IN THE WILDERNESS MAY BE RUDE, BUT A FELLOW TAKES SOLID COMFORT IN THEM

YOU MAY THINK YOU LOOK PRETTY FAIR IN CIVILIZED CLOTHES

fire wood, the best way of making bannock and of smudging horses. In his turn he astonished Jock with the quantity and enormous size of the saskatoons growing near. Some of the berries were so large that Jock dubbed them "apples".

One morning Crandall, the Edmonton man, tried fishing and soon we heard a great flopping and splashing and a cry of "Help! Help!" There was a general rush for the water and Jock grabbed a twelve pound salmon which Crandall had caught on a spoon hook. Jock had always understood that a salmon could not be caught with hook and line, and his theory was that when this fish was making one of the usual jumps with its mouth open the hook happened to be right in line and

OUR PRIVATE BATHS AT FIDDLE CREEK—HOT WATER FREE, SOAP EXTRA

BUT WHISKERS DO MAKE A DIFFERENCE!

caught in its jaw! For the rest of us the main point was that the fish was landed and was very good to eat. That same day the Indians went down the river with their spears and brought back a canoe-load of fish which the squaws cleaned at the landing place.

By the end of August the tops of the mountains had a fresh coat of snow, the nights were growing chilly and the last evening of the month brought a brilliant aurora which reminded us that the short hot summer of the north was drawing to a close. Autumn was upon us. That day the Grand Trunk mail carrier came past, the first direct through mail of the year. Several survey parties arrived and departed during the first week in September. The company had a large caché below us and the various parties of this section visited it to stock up for their final fall trips. It was a regular "levee" week for Will and he was kept busy by

THEIR REPUTATIONS MAY NOT BE ANYTHING TO WRITE HOME ABOUT—BUT THEY'RE THE BEST KIND OF PALS

PACK, SADDLE- AND GOOD-BYE TO TETE JAUNE

a brisk business in our log store. The latter part of September the exodus began in earnest. The surveyors were gone and the prospectors and land lookers were going too, some eastward to Edmonton and some southward to Kamloops, for the water was freezing nightly in the pails and it was time for men to get back to civilization. October seventh our tent was down, the horses packed, we turned the key in the rough plank door of the store and said good-bye to the river and the Indians, good-bye to Tete Jaune Cache.

The return trip was uneventful. A week after we started we reached Swift's where we again spent two days. The weather was delightful Indian summer so we decided to turn aside to visit the hot springs up Fiddle Creek. The stream flowed through a rocky, picturesque canon at the head of which was a series of falls and basins filled with the hot water from the springs. Here we stayed a day or so disporting ourselves in the natural baths, a great luxury after five months away from the world of porcelain tubs.

But we began to feel eager to reach home, so we pressed on and the seventh of November found us back in Edmonton, a weather-beaten, bearded crew hardly recognizable by friend or foe. A quick descent upon our trunks and a visit to the barber so transformed us that the days of mountain climbing and timber cruising, the days of sleeping in a tent and waking to the beauties of swift-flowing river and snow-crowned mountains, seemed really things of the past. But it was a past that we left behind us with regret and lived over again many times in tales of "When we were keeping store at Tete Jaune Cache."

HIC JACET

BY MARGARET KENNA

Trembling with cold the blood-red vines appear;
The soughing wind about them grieves.
The heart of summer must have broken here,
For see, 'tis life-blood spilled upon the leaves.

GAMBLING WITH PLAYS

BY THOMAS W. ROSS

IN THE stock market you have some chance for your money; in the theatrical business you have less. A share of stock has a definite value. It may rise or may depreciate but it still represents something real and definite, so much wheat or copper or whatever the thing is with which you gamble On the stage you gamble with plays which have no real or definite value until after they are produced.

You may pay Augustus Thomas, who is one of the best contemporary American playwrights, a retaining fee of $1500 for his next play and he may give you a drama which reads wonderfully well and which you think must undoubtedly be a great success. It may not run a week because, while technically it is absolutely correct, it may nevertheless lack the human interest necessary to please the public who are the final arbiters of theatrical destiny.

Mr. Daniel Frohman, a man of infinite experience, of fine, trained mind, of splendid literary ability who has an international acquaintance with the best authors in the world and who controlled one of the best stock companies of his time, declined *The Lion and the Mouse*, which he had given Charles Klein a commission to write. Klein refunded his retaining fee and offered the play to a younger and more inexperienced manager, Henry B. Harris, who took a long chance on it and made a fortune, the foundation of his present success.

After Harris had produced it, George Tyler, perhaps the ablest dramatic producer of to-day, saw the play and said, "Frohman was right. I would have refused the script if it had been offered to me."

That was the trained judgment of two of the most experienced men in the show business and yet *The Lion and the Mouse* has been one of the sensational successes of the last decade

THOMAS ROSS, WHO CREATED THE PART OF NAT DUNCAN IN *The Fortune-Hunter*

Daniel Frohman also declined *The Witching Hour*, which afterwards had such a wonderful vogue. Several managers, among them Charles Frohman, declined *The Fortune-Hunter* which two companies are now playing to packed houses in New York and Chicago. Yet Charles Frohman later produced *The Fires of Fate*, by Conan Doyle, which only ran two weeks. He gambled on the reputation of the author, and lost. Cohan and Harris, who produced *The Fortune-Hunter*, gambled

on their judgment of the play—and won.

Charles Frohman gambles almost altogether in reputation. An actor has a big name, a writer has a world-wide reputation: Mr. Frohman hastens to obtain a lien on his services. Practically eve y well-known playwright in Europe has a contract whereby Mr. Frohman has first claim for American production on everything he writes. J. M. Barrie is the most notable example of this Frohman policy and on everything Mr. Barrie has done Frohman's gamble has been successful.

Madame X, one of the few European successes which has escaped Frohman, was captured by Henry W. Savage. Technically, there are many better plays but it has one big scene which reduces every woman, and many men, in the audience to tears and the public seems to be willing to pay good money to have what a woman calls "a real good cry," for *Madame X* ran twenty weeks in Chicago and now it is repeating its triumphs in New York. Savage gambled on that one scene, and the luck was with him.

Among the stars, Maude Adams, Ethel Barrymore, John Drew, Sothern and Marlowe, and Maxine Elliott can almost certainly be relied upon to carry even a bad play to success, so that the manager who gambles with their services is usually playing a sure thing but there are hosts of cases where a man may make a big success in one role and be an utter failure in another, just as the playwright who has had one big success may write something else which fails dismally.

Yet managers continue to be imitative rather than creative. "The public liked such a show," the manager says, "therefore I'll have one just like that." So he orders a play built on the same model and in nine cases out of ten, the imitation is a failure, no matter how successful the original may have been.

The actor is, of necessity, compelled to be as much of a gambler as the manager.

He may rehearse for six weeks with a play that looks like a big thing and it may close in two weeks, leaving him stranded with perhaps a long hunt for another engagement. This uncertainty is worse a great deal for a woman than a man because a woman's clothes are much more expensive and an actress may spend six hundred dollars on her wardrobe for a play which only yields her two weeks' salary. Then perhaps her next engagement demands clothes of an entirely different character and she has lost out twice.

It seems as if it were impossible to remove this gambling element from the theatrical business for no other business in the world is conducted along similar lines. It is the public, and the public alone, who make or mar a play's success, and who can keep his finger on the public pulse?

One thing alone seems certain, that wholesomeness is the best asset a play or player can have. A salacious musical show, filled with risque jokes and equivocal situations, may make money while it lasts—but it doesn't last long. The really enduring plays are the ones which are founded on goodness and wholesomeness—plays like *The Old Homestead*, *The Little Minister* and *Shore Acres* which have endured for years and years and *The Fortune Hunter*, which will endure, and the actors who insist on having clean plays, like Joseph Jefferson, Denman Thompson and Maude Adams—these are the people who have had real and enduring success. With them the stage ceases to be a gamble and becomes a permanent and successful business.

Theatrical comment and gossip by Currie Love, illustrated with portrait sketches from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

MOTHER

"A MOTHER'S love endures through all: in good-repute, in bad-repute, in the face of the world's condemnation, a mother still loves on."

This is the sentence appearing on the play-bill of *Mother*, a new play by Jules Eckert Goodman, which bids fair to rival, if not to out-do, the success of that other great mother-drama, *Madame X*, though the two are entirely different in spirit and treatment.

Mrs. Katherine Wetherill (Emma Dunn) has been left a widow with six children to bring up on a small income. Everything goes well with the little family until the oldest son, Will, (Frederick Perry) falls in love with an actress and persuades his mother to allow him to mortgage his interest in the estate that he may give the woman of his heart all the things she most desires, the things that only money can buy. Estrangement with his family is inevitable and for four years the mother does not see her oldest boy, until she learns that he has forged her name to a note for $10,000, to make good the sum he has stolen from his employers to buy automobiles, champagne, and diamonds for his wife and her sister, Bessie, a soubrette who has dreams of becoming a grand opera star.

The worried little mother's cup seems full when she learns that her second son, Walter, has fallen in love with Bessie and is determined to give her the same devotion as Will has extended to the sister. But this time she decides that she will not give in, that these two women shall not rob her of her boys without a struggle, so she sends for Bessie and in a wonderfully good scene, tells her that Walter will not come into his estate for three years and that even then, there will be very little to divide. Bessie, in her fury, overturns the furniture, swears at Walter and exhibits herself as the common little person she is, finishing by declaring that she wouldn't marry Walter if he were the only man in the world.

Walter, in an outburst of wounded feeling, tells his mother that she has not been on the square with him and she turns in anguish to meet his eyes.

"Square," she says, "Square! Haven't we mothers some rights? We fight and work and save for our sons all our lives and then, at the first sight of some little fool girl, all our love and care is forgotten. You give it all up for her. Square, is it? Who ever thinks of being square to a mother?"

Then she turns to her daughters, to find that the two girls have fallen in love with the same man; Ardath, the elder, wishing to withdraw in favor of Leonore, the younger, and the man refusing to accept the withdrawal because it is Ardath he wants.

Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell
GERTRUDE DALTON
Playing with William Norris in *My Cinderella Girl*

Mother saves the situation by a quiet little talk with Ardath, telling her that Leonore is still a child and will some day have a real love affair but that to the older girl, the thing is vital.

"Why, child," she says, "there are only two great moments in any woman's life, the one when she gives her first kiss to her sweetheart and the other when she gives the first kiss to her own baby. Not much of a destiny, is it? Yet no matter what other success she may have, if these two moments do not come to her, she is still a failure."

Ardath realizes the truth of her mother's speech and so she goes to her lover.

Then Will comes home, broken in spirit, worn out in body. He has not eaten nor slept in two days and his wife, at the first hint of trouble, has left him.

"I worked for her, slaved for her, even stole for her," he cries, "and what in hell good did it do?"

And then, as Leonore shrinks back from him at the ugly word, he says bitterly, "Pardon me. I've been associating with my wife for so long, I've forgotten how to talk to a lady."

Mother motions the girls to go away and then she sits down and talks until all the smart is gone from the wound and he is kneeling at her feet with the tears streaming down his face, his body shaking with sobs. She has her boy back again.

And so the little family settle down again to their every day life, absolutely commonplace with its childish scraps, its trivial annoyances its burnt pies—all the little things that happen every day in every household.

THE EASIEST WAY

SINCE Frances Starr first began to play in *The Easiest Way*, she has given hundreds of interviews on her conception of the character of "Laura Murdock," and Eugene Walter, the playwright, has talked almost as often on the moral lesson he thinks his play conveys. To those who do not know the story, it runs like this: Laura

Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

FRANCES STARR
As Laura Murdock, in *The Easiest Way*

Murdock, a young actress, has won most of her success by the help of Brockton, a wealthy broker. She falls in love with a young newspaper man out in Denver, while playing a summer stock engagement there, who asks her to marry him and, breaking off her *liaison* with Brockton, she goes back

to New York to win her own way. But she soon finds how much of her success was due to Brockton's money and how little to her own talent, and it is not long before she is stranded in the third floor back of a shabby theatrical boarding-house with three weeks' rent due and no money to buy her next meal.

Brockton reappears on the scene and the temptation of luxury and easy money again is too much for her. She goes back to him, promising that she will write to the newspaper man, telling him the truth. But she is not strong enough for this and living with Brockton she still writes the newspaper man of her love and fidelity to him.

The inevitable climax comes. The newspaper man returns with a "bunch of money" and Laura still lies to him until Brockton comes in and discloses the truth. Then both men leave her, not because of the looseness of her morals, but because she has lied to them.

Laura thinks she'll commit suicide, but again her courage fails her, so, putting on her "gladdest" raiment, she exclaims, "I'll go to Rector's and make a hit. To hell with the rest."

Puzzle—Find the moral. It seems improbable that a woman of Laura Murdock's mental and moral fibre would be seriously affected by the loss of both her lovers, since she could not have had a very deep and abiding passion for either of them. To her it was merely a case of choosing a new lover as she would select a new gown, and her closing speech "to hell with the rest" plainly shows her point of view. To forget all that she might have learned from the cataclysm in her domestic relations and to remember only to put on a new frock and "make a hit."

You couldn't convey much of a moral by that, could you?

MY CINDERELLA GIRL

THE versatile William Norris has broken out in a new place. From the jester in *Francesca da Rimini* to the college boy in *My Cinderella Girl* is a long fall, but the descent has been broken by Mr. Norris' appearances in musical comedy and a brief tour as manager for *Beverly of Graustark*.

Mr. Norris appears as Tom Harrington, captain of the baseball nine at Siwash college. The day before the story opens, the team has suffered an overwhelming defeat at the hands of the rival college, the Piutes. Tom has gotten into a scrape by appropriating a captain's uniform to appear at a military ball in order that he may make love to a girl who disappears at midnight, leaving him, like Cinderella, only a little slipper as a clue to her identity.

Tom returns to Siwash, in a whirl of joy, to find things stacked up against him. The return match with the Piutes is on; his father, who is opposed to baseball and in favor of mathematics, wires that he is arriving to visit his son that day; the Cinderella girl appears as a visitor at Siwash and insists on calling him "Captain Baker" and the faculty want to suspend him before the game because of some misdemeanor of which he has been guilty.

Tom marches gaily through all his difficulties, however, and after a series of side-splitting complications, peace is restored. His father approves of his baseball spirit; the Cinderella girl forgives his deception, the faculty allows him to play and Siwash wins the game.

The curtain goes down on everyone happy, even the goat, the mascot for the team.

THE INCOMPARABLE GENEE

WONDERFUL Adeline Genee, with her fairy feet, her elusive smile and her elfin personality is to her surroundings in *The Silver Star* as a diamond in a brass setting. The absurdities of Bickel and Watson, the noisy humor of Emma Janvier, clever as these entertainers are, seem merely foils for Genee's charm and grace.

It is interesting to compare the classic art of Maud Allan, her slow, plastic poses, her unshod feet and loose, scanty draperies with the quick, flashing movements of Genee who flits hither and thither like a will o' the wisp. It is the difference between classicism and romanticism.

Reams have been written about Genee's personal charm but nothing could transcend the truth. Absolutely dissimilar in almost every respect as

Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

THE ELFIN GENEE

Whose little feet set hearts a-dancing in *The Silver Star*

she and Harry Lauder are, they yet have one quality in common, intense personal magnetism. Both can win an audience without the utterance of a word. Genee, of course, does not speak throughout the entire course of the piece, but her wonderfully mobile countenance portrays so vividly every tiniest shade of expression that her pantomime conveys almost as much as speech.

Certainly, in *The Silver Star*, she is provided with every advantage that scenic surroundings can give. Her first entrance is spectacular in the extreme. A huge Christmas tree, laden with toys and wax candles is disclosed and at the top, stands Genee in her stiff white ballet-skirts, her silver wand in her hand and her yellow curls clustered about her face, a veritable fairy of the Christmas tree. As she dances down the long, narrow incline from the top of the tree to the stage, one wonders how such a tiny creature can perform such marvels and when she has gone through the various movements of the dance, she twinkles backward up the incline on her toes, a feat which elicits an ovation from the breathless audience.

In her next appearance, the stage is decorated as a silver grape arbor, and Genee is the spirit of champagne, a creature all sparkle and bubbles, wonderfully fascinating and alluring, yet absolutely evanescent.

And last of all, she is garbed as spring in delicate-colored draperies, with daffodils in her hands and hair while the background is a wilderness of blossoms.

Such a wonderful Genee! If one could only think of new adjectives to describe her, but after all, she is just—Genee, the poetry of motion, the incarnation of gaiety and unconscious joy.

THE CALL OF THE CRICKET

A NEW play by Edward Peple whose *Prince Chap* was such a success, promised well and Mabel Taliaferro, whose performance in *Polly of the Circus* is so pleasantly remembered, promised better. But there is a perverted adage which says, "Blessed is he who expecteth little for he shall not be disappointed," and that is the way one should feel in going to see *The Call of The Cricket*, Edward Peple's new play, written to exploit Miss Taliaferro.

It is a pleasure to record the decided improvement in Miss Taliaferro's acting. In *Polly of The Circus*, she was just a sweet, dear little girl in a sweet, dear little part which did not call for real depth of feeling of any sort.

In *The Call of The Cricket*, she displays genuine dramatic ability. She begins by being a "little creature made of sunshine and bubbles" to whom emotion is a bore and life a merry jest. Brought up on a Kentucky stock-farm, her old guardian sends her to a fashionable boarding school where she makes a friend, Fannie Marsh, who invites the little Kentuckian to spend the summer at her seaside home. Fannie's brother, Norman, finds the little school-friend a refreshing change from the conventional society girls to whom he has been accustomed. Even her name, Rosalie Keewit, amuses him, and he dubs her "Cricket". Norman's stately *fiancee* disapproves of his attentions to "that little hoyden" and in a scene of much recrimination, the engagement is broken.

Norman, in his rage and his determination to "show her," asks Rosalie to marry him and she, believing that he must love her or he would not want her as a companion on a life-long journey, is overjoyed at being chosen for such an honor.

Not long after their marriage, however, she realizes that something is interfering with their matrimonial happiness and the ex-*fiancee* comes along just in time to tell her what the "something" is.

Poor little "Cricket" appeals to Norman who tells her just why he married her and offers her legal separation, divorce, anything she chooses. The little girl from the blue-grass country is made of sterner stuff, however, and she refuses all his offers, preferring to play out the game.

But she makes it perfectly clear that it *is* a game to be played only in public. In private, there are to be no pretences or illusions.

Finally she decides, however, that she can stand it no longer and she sends for her old guardian to take her back

Sketch from life by Hugh Stuart Campbell

MABEL TALIAFERRO

The chirping little "Cricket" of Edward Peple's new play

to Kentucky. Then Norman awakens to the fact that the "Cricket" has become the only thing in life quite worth while—and the curtain descends on a scene of reconciliation.

In Miss Taliaferro's supporting company, a particularly good characterization is given by William Harrigan, who plays the role of a young business man with vigor and enthusiasm.

SERPENTS IN EDEN

BY CHARLTON LAWRENCE EDHOLM

ILLUSTRATION BY J. J. REYNOLDS

"AFTER the spring round-up las' year on the Poco Caliente range," remarked Curly Sullivan of the Diamond S outfit, delicately rolling a cigarette, "me an' Slick Jim Kineen was let off."

I discreetly said nothing, previous experience having taught me that it was quite unnecessary to do so, and Curly, lighting the cigarette, proceeded.

"O' course, I was jest an odd hand they'd picked up for the round-up, so I wasn't figurin' to stay, but Jim'd been with 'em for some time. Fact was, he'd been there 'most too long, 'n' folks rather more'n suspicioned him of throwin' a long rope.... Gosh, you look wise, over there!" he broke off. "Guess you don't savvey throwin' a long rope. It's jest throwin' your lass' rope over another man's cattle for keeps...'N' then 'twas his cussedness, too, that got him his time.

"This cussedness was jes' Jim's little ways that the ranch foreman's pet wouldn't stand for. Pet was a ganglin' flop-eared farmer lad; nephew of Harkness. He knew nothin' about cows but the milkin' of them; a milkmaid in bearskin chaps, that's what he was;—c'd handle Minnesota dairy stock p'raps but c'd do mighty little with range cattle.

"More'n that he was allus shying at something er 'nother; now it was rattlers, now tryantlers in his beddin', now stingin' lizards—scorpeens, I think *you* call 'em,—an' the latest was hyderphobia skunks. You see, the last night before we pulled stakes we camped at the Flying Dollar ranch an' Jim shot a skunk near Mrs. Harkness' chicken house. She was the ranch foreman's wife, a right peart little woman, wuth two of *him* any day. *Her* pets was useful; c'd lay aigs anyhow!

"Well, that evening we stretched out under the stars an' told things we'd heard about them varmints, getting a whiff of Mister Polecat once in a while to stimerlate our 'magination. We told about how they bit folks an' what—all terrible deaths them folks died, a-raving an' tearing an' frothing at the mouth, an' every time Pet scringed at a dyin' agony like a calf at a branding iron, we thought up a wusser one till it was plumb scand'lous the way we was stretchin' fac's.

"We couldn't keep that up all night, so purty soon we curled up in our bedding an' went to sleep.

"But I couldn't sleep. I was meditatin', an' after a while I says soft-like, 'Oh, Jim!' 'Hello, Curly,' he says, an' then I knew he was meditatin' too.

"'It's a shame,' I says, 'to shoot it into Harkness' pet that a-way. He ain't done nothin' to injure we-all.'

"'No, he ain't done nothin' nohow, Curly. He jes' lets us do his work an' draws the same pay as we do. I don't blame a man fur not knowin' how to rope a yearlin', but I shore blame him fer not trying to learn what he's paid for to do. I don't want to work with that kind of a man,' he says, 'an' what's more I'm goin' to make him quit the job or be canned a-trying.'

"'I've got a scheme,' says I, 'that'll work out jes' that way. Come out from here an' I'll make you wise.'

"So I told him my idee, and he approved of it an' we done it.

"We borryed a clo'es pin from Mrs. Harkness' line of wash—maybe you know them patent spring pins that nip the clo'es like pincers,—an' with a bit of balin' wire we made it fast in Mister Polecat's mouth. It took some time, one-handed, our left hands bein' kept busy holdin' our noses. Then Jim crep' up like an Apache to where Pet

"SO WE FOOLED 'EM BY RIDING AWAY ONLY SIX SHEETS IN THE WIND"

was sleeping an' gently let the jaws of the clo'es pin fasten on Pet's ear.

"By the time he let out his fust yell we was both asleep, but it took quick action.

"I'd like to tell you how high in the air that farmer jumped but I know you'd disbelieve me. No, nor I aint agoin' to repeat the disgraceful things he said an' done when he found out that the varmint a-flopping from his ear was a dead one. He knew *all* the language we knew, and then some. A better man than I took him for!

"That's why we quit the Flying Dollar outfit. Harkness seemed to wish it. He was allus kind to his pets.

"Well, we was perty well pleased at the chance to blow in our pay, but we made up our minds not to spend a dollar in Poco Caliente, which was Schneider's town, bein's it was Schneider's foreman that canned us. So we shoved along down the river lookin' for a likely place to get our money's worth, an' not knowing if we'd have to ride clean to Tucson or maybe find some innercent pleasure on the Jordan.

"Jordan was the name that river went by for the reason that a mighty pious bunch of shoutin' saints from somewhar had located on its head waters in the early days an' they naterly didn't approve of its bein' called after some coffee-colored Mexican saint, San Xavier or some such name as greasers go by, so they baptized it Jordan an' their settlements Bethel and Beuler and Eden and the like.

"Jest before we blew into the fust town in the pious belt, which was that same evening, we come to Hogtown, a place settled by Texicans. In the early days there was a canteen on that spot where the whiskey was almighty powerful, and that's how the town come to be there: the canteen was called 'The Last Chance,' so in course them Texicans were afeared to go further. They took up land clost as they could git to 'The Last Chance,' begun raisin' young ones and pork and named their town accordin'.

"At Hogtown they sized up our wads and they shore passed us out the orneriest grade of rot-gut whiskey and the most for the money I ever *did* see. Jim and me knew as how we'd better leave that place afore they took away all our pay, for I seen they was givin' too much candy for a penny, as the sayin' is; so we fooled 'em by riding away only six sheets in the wind.

"That's the way we hit Eden and the fust thing we seen was a big round tent an' direckly acrosst the street another big round tent.

"Says Jim, 'I 'low as how that Hogtown booze is makin' me see things twict over!'

"'No, it ain't Jim,' says I, 'not if you don't see four tents. Them two tents ain't the same one,' I says. 'One of them has got a Mexican sign which says as how it's the biggest show on earth; and the other reads, 'Holiness unto the Lord!'

"At which Jim felt a lot better in his mind. 'Which show do we take in?' he asks.

"'Me for the Mex circus!' says I.

"About that time they struck up the ducksology; it was the close of the afternoon meeting, an' the gospel tent begun to empty itself. Say, the fust thing that come out was two lovely peaches-an'-creamy young ladies in thin white dresses with pink an' blue ribbon trimmings underneath. Mighty fetchin', I thought, an' Jim he 'lowed the holiness tent was good enough for him. In course I couldn't back down. 'We'll deal a hand to settle it,' says I.

"So we dealt right there in our saddles an' I seen the young ladies sniff an' turn away from such light-minded doin's. Little I thought I'd ever be sniffin' at such doin's myself!

"I showed him four aces, a hand I never draw when there's money in it, so that evening we headed for the Mexican circus.

"But first we hunted up the only joint in Eden, a blind pig, for this was a temperance town, an' blamed if Jim an' me didn't mix some of their fancy drinks with what we'd a'ready had. They was assault an' battery apart, but Eden booze on Hogtown booze was perty nigh manslaughter. It wa'nt ezackly necessary, nohow, for we had both brought two flasks from 'The Last Chance' in case of drought.

"At this joint they told us about the

Mexican circus which was to open that same evening and stay a week in town. They 'lowed as how it was a perty fair show for greasers to put up an' all the black-an'-tan beauties in town would be there; an' how the shoutin' saints had been warned of their coming an' had pitched a opposition tent where they were holding old-timey revival meetings to fight the devil.

"That begun to look interesting and I was glad we had struck the pious belt.

"The place where we fust seen them two tents we c'd scurcely reckernize that evening, leastwise it looked very strange to me. Sometimes I thought there was four tents after all, but then again it looked like sixteen, an' I knew that couldn't be.

"There was plenty of light, such as it was; big, smoky gasoline torches; an' under the holiness torch was a bunch of girls and old ladies and gentlemen singin' very loud, but under the circus light was a little dinky Mex orchestra agoin' *Tum tum te-tu-um-m*; a guitar, a trombone, a fiddle big enough to sleep in and a bass drum. Plenty of insterments but the music they produced was so meek an' moley you might expect the hearse to fall in behind the band any minute.

"That's a Mexican's idee of music. Jes' hobble along like a lame hoss, with a long groan every time the game leg comes down.

"It made me fretful, though Jim swears it was the mixin' of drinks as done it.

"But what got me plumb ringey was to see them greasers toting in their own chairs to set on. It seems that the show people was too mean to supply anything but the show an' standing room, so women and children brought old rockers or milkin' stools, benches or two boxes an' a board; that way the whole family would string into the tent, the man in front with his hands in his pockets. It looked like the whole town was moving.

"Jim says I was drunk but I knew pufficly well what I was doing. I rides up to old Senor Moneybags at the door an' says 'How much fer me an' my pony? You bet I don't stand up while I've got a hoss to set on!'

"At that old Moneybags jumps up squeakin' an' sputterin' an' grabs his cigar box full of dimes and quarters. Mebbe he mistook it for a hold-up. Anyhow he made such a disturbance with his foolishness that the pony raired an' pranced and perty nigh trompled some coffee-colored Senors an' Senoras an' Senoritas with their household goods. You oughta seen 'em race for cover with their shackly ol' chairs an' soap boxes for a handicap.

"That struck me as funny and I laughed hearty, but before I had laughed enough, the town constable come a-running,—a fine, strapping man he was,—grabbed a six-foot bench from a young lady in pink, an' knocked me clean out o' the saddle.

"Jim picked me up an' brushed me, apologizing to the constable all the time, for Jim is never so polite as when he's in liquor.

"I was that ashamed of his foolish talk that I let him lead me off to the opposition tent acrost the road.

"Well, sir, we slid into a back seat an' I perty nigh dropped off, but Jim was wide awake an' jabbed me frequent; then the preacher got warmed to his work an' I saw there was no use tryin' to rest so I sat up. He shore could talk a arm offen a man, that red-head gospel sharp, an' how he did lay it onto the circus!

"He spoke of what a godly town was this peaceful vale of Eden, a resting place of the saints where the slimy trail of evil had never came, where no liquor ner cards, no dancing ner theatre ever contamernated the people until this ungodly Mexican outfit had snook like serpents into the garden, seeking what they might devour.

"So he went on shooting it into the show good an' plenty an' allowin' that anyone who'd go to see the immoral spectacle wa'nt much better'n a hoss-thief, if as good. Jim an' me was right pleased that we hadn't gone in, an' felt kinda superior to them benighted ones in the tent acrost the road.

"We c'd hear' em clapping an' haw-hawing an' the preacher at that says: 'Hark! methinks I hear the laughter of fiends an' the applause of a million demons welcoming them pore lost souls

to everlasting an' eternal hell-fire!' He shore c'd sling rhetoric, that preacher! though they *do* say he was a pinhead on week days.

"Perty soon they got to singin' an' shoutin', an' standing up an' weaving around till me an' Jim was mighty nigh locoed, what with the drinks an' the music an' the lights. A most lovely young lady come to whar we was settin' and asked us if we didn't want to lead better lives an' we 'lowed we *did* want to. Seeing she was the one that had sniffed at us for dealing our little hand that afternoon, I give her the deck. It was some greasy but a complete deck an' as good as new for playing.

"She said she would prize them cards as our ticket to heaven an' I thought that perty neat and was agoin' to give her my flasks too, but jedged I'd better not. Cal'lated I might need them for a return ticket.

"But Jim he 'lowed he wan't goin' to return; said we'd do better to give them up. Says I, 'No, Jim, mebbe there's some benighted an' thirsty brother in this town has never seen the light. I'll give him the flasks.'

"It was a good thing I reasoned it out that a-way.

"Well, I ain't agoin' to specify all the things I done the night I got religion; Jim was just as bad. The peaches-an'-creamy young lady with the little blue ribbons under her shirtwaist had roped Slick Jim; mine was the pink one. When he give her his plug of Climax an' said he'd quit the filthy habit she smiled at him like he'd give her a dimon' ring. But how they got us to singin' hymns an' kneeling at the mourner's bench and testifying as it was the latter-day miracle saved us from the circus that night,—which miracle was a six-foot bench alongside my head—well, them ain't things I like to talk about now that I'm a backslider.

"Anyhow me an' Jim 'lowed we was agoin' to fight the devil with fire an' run that ungodly show out of town if we had to rope, tie and earmark all the troupe an' brand 'em with the gospel brand.

"At that the red-head preacher let out 'A-amen brethering!' an' the whole tentful of shoutin' saints raised a 'Glo-ory Hallelujah!' that would stampede a remuda forty miles away.

"Next day everybody was talking about the circus an' when they come to the burro bull-fight they stopped talking an' laughed. They had to. We never did hear the whole story of that burro bull-fight because nobody could stop laughing long enough to tell it all.

"The bulls, you see, was burros with cow-horns strapped to their heads an' danglin' an' floppin' in their eyes. And the matadors an' toreadors was just Mexican loafers the show people had picked up at four bits a night. The show people was wise to pass up that job, for them burros was shore scrappers: no, they couldn't hook with their floppy horns, but gentlemen! how they could *bite!*

"They run them greasers with their red table cloths 'round an' round the ring an' took good big mouthfuls at every jump. The only trouble was they didn't know when a joke wasn't funny any more. They jes' laid back their ears an' took a fresh holt; bit a man when he was down, bit him behind or befront, bit him *any* way in fact until another greaser would come with his red table cloth an' tease 'em to chase him; an' the newcomer generly got a run for his money all right.

"Well, we thought that might have appeared comical to us in our ungodly days, but it seemed mighty solemn in our state of mind, an' mighty likely to seduce young people from the straight an' narrer way in the course of a week. So we meditated some, an' Jim had an idee.

'Let's make them burros an instrument for righteousness,' he says.

"So he told me his idee an' I approved of it an' we done it.

"We still had them four flasks of rot-gut whiskey, the same we brought from Hogtown, an' there was just four burros in the show, which was what Jim called another latter-day miracle.

"We had some trouble that evening, gettin' the burros outside the whiskey, but Jim would hold one by the nose while I poured an' then we'd go to the next till they was all stimerlated. It

all had to be done while the first big act was on, for the stable help was appearing in that act an' we had the corral to ourselves.

"No sooner had we finished, than we heard the saints tuning up in the opposition tent an' we felt that it was a good place for us to be, so we threw in with them just as they come marching out singing thir battle hymn:

We'll roll the ol' chariot along,
We'll roll the ol' chariot along,
We'll roll the ol' chariot along,
An' we won't get left behind!

If the devil's in the way we'll roll it over him,
An' we won't get left behind!

"It was a great hymn, made you want to fight the devil with his own weapons. We was glad now, we hadn't give away that Hogtown whiskey.

"Jim an' me was allowed to hold hymn books with the two peaches-an'-creamy young ladies, but shucks! it was just our luck we couldn't seem to keep our minds on the girls. We was both thinkin' of what would transpire when that Mexican circus mixed with four jassaxes full of fire water.

"We could tell by the hand-clapping that the big act was finished an' the stable help could be heard wrangling them intoxicated animules. We hoped the burro-wranglers wouldn't smell their breath.

"At last they drug them inside the big tent an' turned 'em loose, an' I guess the burros was seeing red when they got there.

"I don't know ezackly what they done; I was outside the tent an' all I seen was a bunch of Mexicans an' ungodly white trash bellerin' an' streakin' outa there like stampeded steers.

"One of them crazy jassaxes must have lit in the bandstand like a bomb, for the horns and drums an' performers on the same exploded right through the tent all at onct. The trombone he clumb the pole an' come out of the peak, only he stuck half way, being a sizable sort of a man about the middle. The big fiddle must have tried to hide inside his insterment for he come out crawlin' on all fours with the fiddle atop his back, for all the world like a mud-turkle under his shell. Old Senor Moneybags got that rattled he dropped his cigar box full of change, which the little boys was very careful to pick up but careless about passing back. The preacher 'lowed it was a righteous jedgement on him for tryin' for to corrupt the saints.

"The saints wa'n't corrupted so's you'd notice it much. That show never *did* stay out its week in town after all. They left that same night.

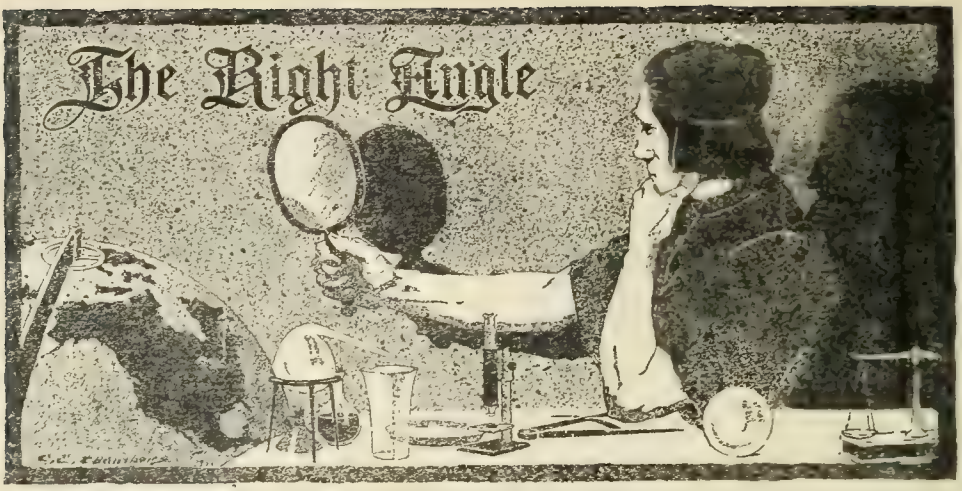
"An' that's how me an' Slick Jim Kineen drove the sarpents outa Eden afore we backslid an' lost the light.... That pink girl o' mine was a corker!

"Gosh! my cigarette's out. Anybody got the makin's?"

MY MAPLE TREE

BY KATHLEEN R. BOWKER

A LITTLE frame my window makes
To hold my budding maple-tree.
A mass of frothy, feathery flakes
That every passing wind-puff shakes
And sets my glad heart merrily
A-dancing with the dancing tree.



THE WAIL OF THE BABIES

DO you know why your baby is well—or when he is sick, *why* he is sick? This isn't Mother's problem alone; it's Father's problem, too. Perhaps even more Father's than Mother's just now, for as Hubert McBean Johnston shows this month in his article, "Why Is Your Baby Healthy?", what your baby, and everybody else's baby, needs more than anything else is rigid milk-inspection laws—laws that Father must frame, and vote for, and enforce to-day, to-morrow, next week, next year. It is no idle fancy, to be taken up only after everything else is passed upon—it is a real, vital, crying need. The statistics Mr. Johnston gives are important enough to cause anyone to think seriously. When half the deaths among Canadian children is authoritatively ascribed by a leading physician to impure, germ-laden milk, it becomes more than a local problem, it is a national menace.

Did you ever ride into a big city on a hot summer morning, and see the intimate domestic economy of the poor a short stone's throw away from your car-window? The pitifulness of it! The children gasping on the steps for a breath of the cindery air, the pinched, worn little faces, the clawlike baby hands, the wizened little bodies that an older sister is casually pinning into a ragged shirt or petticoat, the steam of washings dampening the door-lintel until it drips foul moisture upon their sorrowfully-wise young heads, the coffee and bread gulped down on the crazy porch because the kitchen is too stifling to choke down even that, the iceless, airless, comfortless burrow where babies are born to wail a little while, and die; or, if they be specially germ-resisting, to live and reproduce their piteous kind.

How can people who live here arise and correct these conditions? What time has the mother from her nine washings a week, or the father from his shovel? What chance have they to agitate reforms and demand clean milk for their children even if they had strength and time and brains nourished enough to grasp the idea? None; they can only work and struggle and let their children die as the typhoid bacteria decree.

These people are your charge, as well as your own rosy boy. It isn't enough that he is well and happy and playing out in your roomy suburban yard; not enough that you keep your own little Heaven jealously safe and still; not enough that you know why he is so strong; you must know, too, why Timmie and Olga and Gretchen and Veronica Marya are sickly, and why they fill so many little coffins in the cross-crowded field.

Of the thirty thousand children who die yearly in Canada, remember, fifteen thousand die from impure milk—from ignorance and carelessness and perfectly preventable causes. What are we going to do about it? Shrug our

shoulders, and investigate our own milkman's barn, and let it go at that? Let the other people's children die, and ascribe it to the mysterious working of Providence, and the criminal ignorance of our working classes? Ignorance! That's it. And we who are a little wise, must save them from their own unwisdom by laws—and enforced laws—now!

THOSE READING CAMPS

"When I came out of the bush, I hadn't seen a bit of reading matter for three full months. Many a time I blessed that Reading Camp Association tent."—Extract from Letter.

THREE months without even a patent-medicine advertisement to read! Do you know what that means? Thousands of men are thus cut off—the men who earn their living on the new-cut track all over the north and west, in mine-shaft, lumber camp or right-of-way, where to eat when you can, sleep when you must, and work as long as you can stand up are the three raw elements of existence.

Think of it, you who buy a magazine to fill up your half-hour car-ride after office hours, who stuff down the morning paper from weather forecast to classified advertising every day of your lives, who muss over the bookstalls for something spicy enough to tempt your jaded fancy, who light your grate fire with last month's magazines—and poor kindling the coated paper makes, too. Three months without a line of anying to translate from black characters into new thoughts.

There are a handful of Reading Camp Association tents scattered through the camps of Canada where men crowd around a makeshift table to get the paper you don't bother to open when it comes. There's a travelling box-car or two with a shelf of books, and some dog-eared magazines, and a few pads of cheap letter-paper where the men come to read, or write their letters home. There are eager classes of five or six apiece, painfully learning arithmetic, or book-keeping, or mining science, or geography, or English—whatever the navvy-instructor-librarian can teach. One school sixty miles north of the last town on the T. N. & O. lasted from late May to early September, and enrolled during that time seven races: Italians, Chinese, French, English, Poles, Roumanians and Swedes—who studied a half-a-dozen subjects after their ten or twelve hours' daily work was done.

Drawing by Frederic M. Grant
LADY BOUNTIFUL OF THE DOVES

What's all this to you?

Well—maybe nothing! But what about those magazines and papers and overflow books of yours?

Isn't it something to you, after all?

Write out a check for the magazines you decided you wouldn't subscribe for this year; box all the spare reading matter you can find, and send the package to Mr. A. Fitzpatrick, Superintendent of Camp Education, 16 A Aberdeen Chambers, Toronto, Ontario, and more than one camp in the North Woods will be grateful to your unknown ghost.

Your own boy may be there sometime, you know.

AN ARTIST OF SORTS

DO YOU remember the thrush-people in Barrie's delightful tears-and-laughter "Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens"—the fat, pompous, black-bombazine and silk-hat persons who expected everybody to step over on the curbstone when they came by? They were the grown-ups from the fat, white, solid babies hatched out of thrushes' eggs on the Bird Island, and they had always taken themselves seriously, with an extra meringue of dignity on top.

Taking yourself seriously is a bad habit to get into. You so seldom get anyone to agree with you. And isn't it refreshing when you run across somebody who can look at himself with his tongue in his cheek, and draw a self-caricature with a wickedly-appreciative grin?

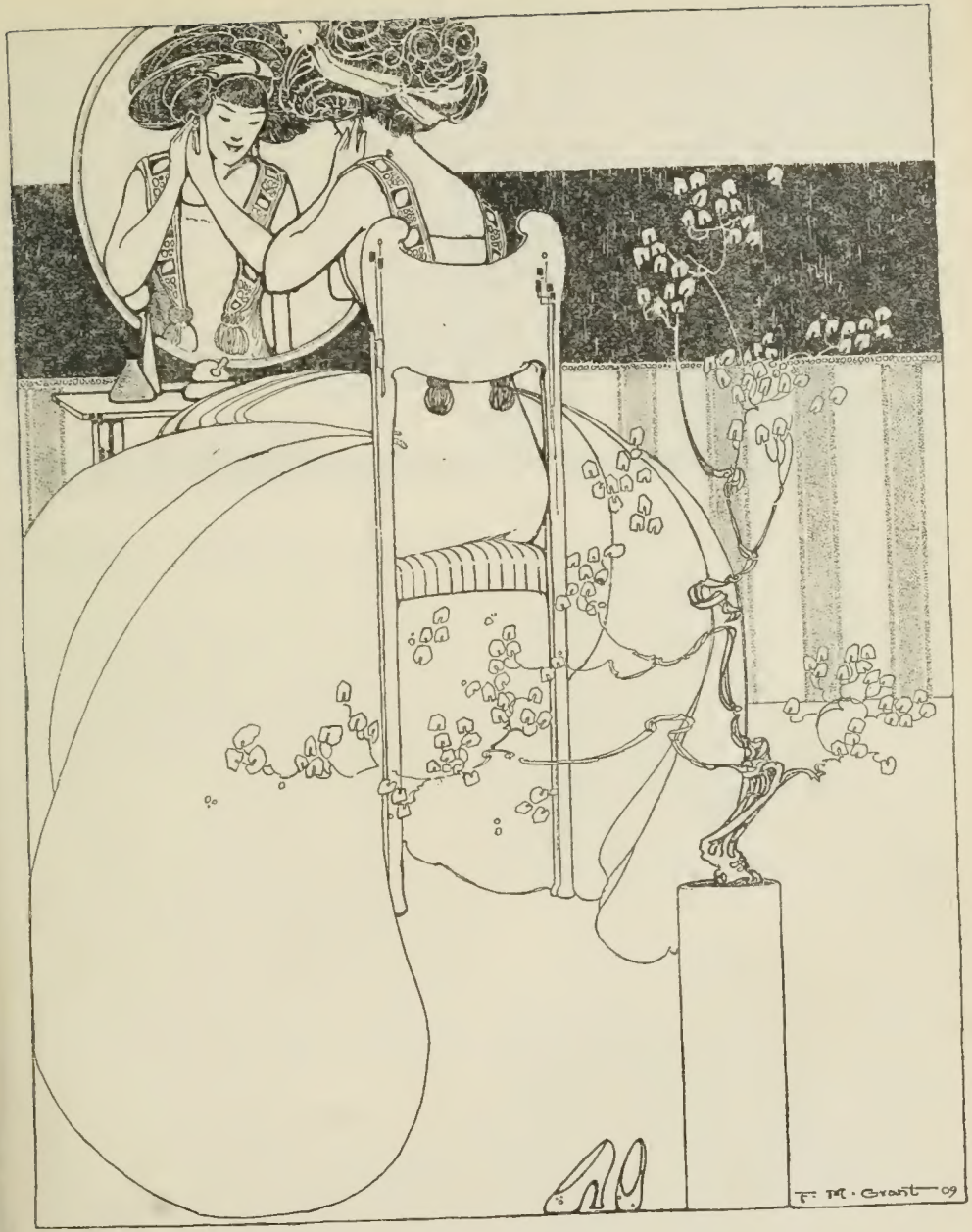
FREDERIC M. GRANT'S OWN VERSION OF HIMSELF

Certainly Frederic M. Grant can do this with what Ortheris calls "eeklar"—and he can do several other things quite as refreshingly. He has a charming sense of decorative composition, as the examples of his pen-and-ink work reproduced in the Right Angle this month show. The spacing of his "Madame at Her Toilet" is particularly interesting—notice the placing of her absurd little high-heeled slippers, and the free, sweeping lines of her dress. "Lady Bountiful of the Doves" is equally pleasant to contemplate, with its tall trees in the delicate leaf of early spring, and its jealous hedges.

Not content with being an artist of sorts, Mr. Grant also composes music, and has a mighty good time with himself, as his sketch-book betrays, seeing the pageant of the world with observant eyes; taking pleasure in a city street on a rainy evening, with the lamps reflected shimmeringly in the wet pavements; in a group of merry-makers on the pier, a single white sail rocking in blue water behind them; in the shadows of clouds patterning the hillside grass; and in the thousand things that a painter sees and the most of us often pass blindly by. Mr. Grant's work will appear in CANADA MONTHLY from time to time, and we wish you joy of your new acquaintance.

THE QUEEN'S OWN

NEXT month Toronto will see a most interesting gathering, the Semi-Centennial Reunion of that historic regiment, the Queen's Own Rifles. In nearly every city and town of the Dominion, and even yet more widely scattered, are ex-members of this famous organization who will come to Toronto during the week of June eighteenth to bear arms with their old comrades again. Mr. G. I. Riddell, Secretary of the Semi-Centennial Committee, 36 King Street, Toronto, who has been in close personal touch with all ex-members, prophesies an attendance of several thousand, and the



Drawing by Frederic M. Grant

MADAME AT HER TOILET

reunion promises to be one of the most picturesque affairs Toronto has seen for some time.

A reception at Government House, His Honor, the Lieutenant-Governor, being, like many other notables, a member of this crack corps; a monster church parade on Sunday; historical pageants at the Rosedale Athletic Grounds; and many social meetings among the members have been planned for the days of this reunion, the first since 1860, of the men who have served in the gallant Queen's Own.

A MEAT APPETITE

"WHAT are you looking for?" we ask of the small boy who is eagerly scanning the trees and sky.

"I'm watchin' for the first robin," he explains.

"Ah! And will you receive a reward if you are the first to discover the primary harbinger of spring—the feathered songster whose blithe roundelay sounds to us a message of cheer and—"

"Naw!" he interrupts. "Pa said for me to watch fer it an' plug it with my sling-shot, an' then we'd have robin pie for dinner."

POLITICS

STATESMANSHIP is a science, but politics is an art. A statesman need only understand government, but a politician must understand the voter.

Politics makes strange bedfellows, and causes loss of sleep.

A statesman is guided by the lessons of the past; a politician is guided by the chances of the future.

A statesman wears a silk hat and frock coat when he sits for his picture—a politician will sleep in his if necessary.

Politics is nine-tenths promises, eight tenths talk, seven-tenths hot air and four-tenths bluff.

The politician arranges the public dinner; the statesman is only expected to speak at it.

Politics offers a fine opening for a young man. If he falls through the opening he makes room for the next man.

The statesman is concerned for his country for a month before election, but the politician has cinched the election during the other eleven months.

When a politician begins to believe what he says about himself he becomes a statesman.

JUST SO

THE man who waits for things to come his way
Wears out his trousers, sitting day by day;
The man who goes to meet them finds his ruse
Is oft a certain plan to wear out shoes.

CROSS COUNTERING

"DEAR, me, yes," purrs the lady who is undoubtedly over 40, and who has been introduced to the one who is at least younger. "I remember you well, dear, although you may have forgotten me. You were in my class at school, don't you recollect?"

"Why, to be sure you were!" exclaims the other. "I remember now how odd we little girls thought it was to have such a grown-up among us. But even to-day there are lots of backward scholars, aren't there?"